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MARSTON MOOR.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—A few numbers back you published a poem entitled "Lost Josephine," by William Mackworth Praed, an author very little known on this side of the Atlantic. During his lifetime he was considered one of the first of English poets, and not a few critics consider his "Marston Moor," for dramatic force and power, unrivaled among English ballads. Every reader of history is aware of the fact that the Roundheads were opposed to theatrical entertainments; but a single line of Praed's famous ballad proves that even in the heat of battle the gallant Cavaliers did not fail to quote Shakespeare or Beaumont and Fletcher.

MARSTON MOOR.

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply.
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret stair:
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran
As she said "It is your lady's gift—unfurl it in the van."

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of Pride:
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And hear the loyal soldiers shout 'For God and for the King'!"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken—along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night!"

The knight is left alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout:
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here:
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust!"
"I would it," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"

GWENDA;

OR,

THE DOUBLE BONDAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

He looks upon her lips, and they are pale,
He takes her by the hand, and that is cold;
He whispers in her ear a heavy tale
As if she heard the woeful words he told.
He lifts the snowy lids that close her eyes,
The virtue lost wherein they late excelled.

"Stand off. How dare you come between us? You have killed her."

And Gilbert Dorrington looked fiercely up at his cousin, while clasping Gwenda's still senseless form in one arm, and waiving off the impetuous approach of Lord Cranmore with the other.

"How dare I? By every right a man can have, Idiot, villain!" he went on passionately, his anger flashing as he saw the form of her he loved in another's firm embrace. "Give her to me, or ——"

"Or what?" cried Gilbert scornfully. "You are too craven to say openly what an honorable man should. And then, when she is protected—saved by one who would give his right hand to spare her one pang, you rave like a maniac, and dare to provoke me, your only real friend. Off, man, off! and be wise," he went on, with a bitter scoff, as he again bent over the white face of her he held in his firm clasp.

Under some unexplained reason Lord Cranmore shrank from the severe taunt. He was silent and motionless for some time, and when he spoke again his tone had a strange subdued submission in it.

"You wrong me, Gilbert, and you have deceived me, if not both of us. But it is no time for argument when her precious life is at stake. How—where did you find her?"

"I stopped the mad brute on whom you had placed her," returned the young man, "but not till she had fallen senseless from her seat. She had held on bravely till the last, and her strength could bear no more."

"What can we do? Some help should be obtained. We cannot let her remain thus," pleaded the young nobleman.

It was strange to see the deference of his manner. Perhaps it was the influence of a strong mind over a weaker one. In any case the heir of a Marquis and the favorite son—the love of that fair girl should scarcely have been cowed even by a fiercer nature than his own.

"Go and find help, then. I shall not leave her," replied Gilbert doggedly. "It is I who have done all to preserve her. You have no claims to keep her from me, and make me your foe for life."

For a brief moment Lord Cranmore hesitated. The instincts of love and pride and jealousy all warred within him. But a deeper feeling and a hidden bond were enough to break that spell. Quickly and silently he moved from the spot. There were steps approaching, unheard, perhaps, by the others, save that had escaped Gwenda ere she fell, and in the distance the horses' feet of Lord Saville and his sister came cantering along. He hastened towards the direction of the pedestrian newcomers. Either he believed more in their power to help, or else he fancied they were at hand, or the presence of a stranger was to be preferred. In any case he rushed along to the path that seemed to lead to their approach, and in a few minutes he was lost to view in his headlong speed.

Gilbert turned once again to the girl, who, as yet, had given no signs of life. He clasped her yet more tightly to his bosom, and for the second interview had not awakened more powerfully his passionate love and anxiety.

"My own, my beautiful!" he cried impetuously. "Better like this than see you the bride of that heartless, vain son of a proud and haughty father. No, no; it shall not, it cannot be. Bernard Cranmore shall never win your heart and hand," he murmured softly, pressing his lips to the cold brow.

Was it the touch or the words, the name he breathed, that recalled the dormant life? The eyelashes quivered directly he raised his head from the sweet face. And then there was a convulsive sobbing of the lips, and at last a faint murmur from the voice he loved so well. He bent down anxiously to catch the sound.

"Bernard, dear Bernard," came faintly on the ear that loathed the very name.

And then she opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around her, as if perplexed at the position in which she was found. Gilbert anxiously watched the progress of her reanimation.

"What is it? Are you hurt? Are you better, dear Gwenda?" he whispered softly.

Even in his jealous anger he knew full well that it was impossible to conquer her love for his rival by harsh reproaches at that moment.

"I do not know; I think not," she said, trying to raise herself and collect her senses. "Only here," she went on, pressing her hand to her heart. "It aches, and I think my foot is hurt; but I shall soon be well."

Then, as her mind gradually recalled the last scene before she had lost her recollection, she flushed even in her faint and pained condition.

"Where—where are the others?" she asked, suddenly. "Did the horse come far? Was it hurt?"

"The brute deserved to be killed," he replied, in a vehemence that it relieved him to vent in a more safe and innocent manner. "To think of his endangering your life! But he has fared better than he deserved; he is uninjured, and only careering about somewhere till he can be caught and punished."

"Then who stopped him?" she said anxiously, her large eyes still glaring eagerly around as if in search of someone not within view.

"I had that happiness; do not grudge it to me," he said earnestly.

She shrank for a moment from the passionate look, and the involuntary pressure of the form he was still supporting.

"I thank you from my heart, Mr. Dorrington. I owe you my life, I suppose," she said, timidly. "I hope it was not at any injury to yourself. You are not hurt, I trust?"

There was a cold constraint in the tone that irritated Gilbert past forbearance.

"Yes, perhaps; but not as you, I suppose, would convey. Miss Loraine. There are other wounds far more deep and incurable than a broken limb," he said, with a haughty disdain in his tone that was scarcely reconcilable with the impetuous tenderness of his former manner.

Gwenda was either herself hurt at the childish harshness, or else her physical weakness returned on her, after the exertions she had made.

Her eyes closed again in weary exhaustion, and her head drooped on his shoulder with a languid powerlessness that changed again his strange and varying mood.

"Forgive—forgive me!" he said. "I know not what I say. It is but the very agony of wounded love that fevers and maddens me. Only look up; say that you are not angry, that you pardon, that you believe me, my Gwenda."

She did open her eyes languidly, with a weary impatience.

"Yes, yes; only leave me, let me be at peace. I—am—so—tired!" And again the flickering senses seemed to dim in the expiring strength, and she once more fairly fainted away.

Gilbert groaned in absolute despair and helplessness, but luckily at the moment rapid steps were heard, and the next instant Lord Cranmore and two men appeared bearing a kind of impromptu litter, made of the broad trunk of a felled tree, over which they had thrown some boughs and coats, and all that could be devised of comfort for the sufferer.

There were scant words exchanged between the cousins.

Gilbert dared not interfere where Gwenda's very life was at stake.

And Lord Cranmore seemed utterly to ignore the presence of the offending rival during the brief arrangements for the still unconscious girl's relief.

"Good heavens! what is all this?" exclaimed Lady Maud, as she and Lord Saville galloped up to the spot guided at once by the cry they had heard and the sight of the little throng.

"Gwenda, my poor darling. O Bernard, what have you done? Surely she is not dead—she is not dead!" she wailed, as her eyes fell on Gwenda's white face and rigid form.

"No, no. She spoke just now," said Gilbert hoarsely; "but if so, I know who has killed her," he went on abruptly.

And the next moment he rushed away with a bitter feeling in his spirit that dared not trust itself longer with others, lest it might break out to the destruction of every hope.

"He shall pay for it—he shall pay for it," he murmured. "I know him—yes, where others do not yet. He shall suffer for it to his very heart's core, unless I am deceived, and he is more worthy than I believe. And, if so, what then? He may—may save me from myself," he muttered. It was a despairing, heart-felt prayer. Was it heard—was it remembered in after days of temptation and trial? That was a problem that no human, fallible creature would dare to decide, even when their own will, their own future, hung on the solution. Meanwhile he was wellnigh forgotten by the anxious group he had left.

"I will ride off for a doctor if you will tell me the nearest and the best to fetch," said Lord Saville, apparently the first to regain his self-possession. "Cranmore, you had better accompany Miss Loraine and your sister home; while I ride off as fast as possible. My horse is the best, I know, and I will not spare him."

A few brief directions were given, and the young man rode off at a pace which was almost rapid enough even for Bernard's wishes.

"It is strange how she reminded me of some face I know, as she lay there in that dead faint," was the young nobleman's comment, as he pursued his course. "It never struck me before. I suppose it was the rigid whiteness that altered her. How do I recall now the haunting likeness she brought back! It is far—far back in the vista of years, that is certain."

And he dismissed the troublesome idea, and again abandoned himself to the urgent mission he had undertaken. Ere he reached his destination the patient was being carefully borne to the house the little party had left so recently in health and strength, accompanied by those who loved her as well and truly as long inquiries of the time and circumstances of their intimacy would permit. Gwenda was soon conveyed to her apartment, under the care of her own maid and Mrs. Fenton, of Lady Brunton's absence. And before the doctor arrived she was safely in bed, restored to some dim consciousness, but evidently still suffering from a deeper cause than mere alarm would have occasioned for her swoon.

"There is some hurt to the head, I fancy," said the doctor, after a minute examination. "Still I do not anticipate more than a feverish attack as the result, and some days' perfect quiet as a remedy. I will ask you, madam, to pay the strictest attention to my order in that respect," he went on, addressing Mrs. Fenton, "and to exclude all from the room who might be likely in any way to agitate my patient."

Doctor Selby took his leave after these oracular orders, promising to return that evening, and Mrs. Fenton assumed her post in the dressing-room adjoining the sick chamber.

"Surely my young lady will not die, ma'am. You are not afraid of that?" said Linford, the maid who had waited on Gwenda ever since her accession to her.

"No, I do not. It is only the shock. I hope you will not spread any foolish reports that might get to Mr. Bolton's ears, Linford," she replied, rather sharply.

"No, ma'am, certainly not. He might be angry that she had been trusted with such young people. I believe he is very fond of my young lady, and would be in a sad way if anything happened to her," returned Linford significantly.

"Certainly. It would be a very sad thing, now that she has come into such a large fortune," observed Mrs. Fenton, with her usual unmoved composure.

"And likely to have a larger still, if I am not very foolish in my notions," remarked Linford. "I never saw anyone much fonder of any young lady than I believe Lord Cranmore is of Miss Loraine, and, of course, there can't be any difficulty when she is so rich."

"Hem! I do not know that the Marquis may not look for rank as well as money," said Mrs. Fenton; "but, of course, it is not for me to say. Rash! I fancied I heard her move," she added, rising and going to the patient's bedside.

But, if so, Gwenda had again closed her eyes, and Mrs. Fenton quietly resumed her place.

That evening, however, the chaperone wrote a long letter, which she herself conveyed to the post-bag in the hall immediately before its departure. And to whom it was directed was a secret confined to her own knowledge, and that of the postmaster at Ross.

CHAPTER XXII.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice
Tell her I will not change my choice.
Yet still methinks I see her frown.

"Maudie dear, how long have I been ill?" asked Gwenda, when, some week or ten days afterwards, the Marquis' daughter was admitted to her friend's apartment for the first time.

"Oh, not many days, dear, and you are all right again now, the doctor says," was the cheery reply. "Indeed, I should have been here long ago, only that Bernard was jealous of my seeing you so much the first," she went on. "And Doctor Selby had a faint notion, I suppose, that we were not born for mutes, like your worthy chaperone, and that I was to be guarded against accordingly.

Gwenda gave a faint smile.

But certainly if the blush that warmed her soft cheeks could be trusted, she was neither in a very dangerous state of health nor distressed in mind.

"Come, you do not look very ill, that's certain," laughed Lady Maud. "Why, Gwenda, you are prettier than ever, I do believe. I have a great mind to get a fall also as a refresher to my beauty. Your eyes are so bright and your complexion something unearthly in its transparency."

"Don't be so silly, Maud," said the girl, while a shy smile betrayed the pleasure that the graceful flattery occasioned.

"Silly or not, it is the truth," resumed the Lady Maud quickly. "I am not given to falsehoods or romances, Gwenda. You are beautiful, and, what is more, you possess the gifts of fascination. You can inspire love; that is a wonderful blessing, is it not?"

Gwenda raised herself from the sofa pillows on which she was lying.

"Maud, you are talking wildly," she said. "What can you mean? Are you not as superior to me in almost all the endowments of nature and fortune as is possible? You at least have nothing to fear or to envy."

Lady Maud gave an impatient gesture.

"You think not, Gwenda; you are false—false, or most cruelly mistaken," she said vehemently.

"I do not comprehend you," replied the young heiress half-timidly. "Maud, you are rich, beautiful, the daughter of noble parents, and, by your own showing, the betrothed of a noble suitor. What in the world can you want more?"

There was a look of deep sadness over the girl's face that somewhat moved the pity even of the somewhat wayward luvalid.

"Maudie, what is the matter? Can you not trust me—your friend, your Gwenda?" she said, in a soft, pleading tone.

"Why should I?" exclaimed Lady Maud impatiently.

"You say that there can be nothing for me to be aggrieved in—that I am happy, aye, and more than happy. It is impossible to argue in such a case. I can do as I am, without sympathy—without the least confidence. I can rely on myself alone."

Gwenda was silent.

What could she expect or hope from one so changed in her ideas, so mysterious, and so willful?

"Is Lord Saville still here?" she asked quietly, after a pause.

"Yes," was the brief reply. "Why should he not?"

"For no reason in the world that I can give," was the answer. "but that it seems a long time since he came."

"It is not quite a fortnight," said Lady Maud coldly; "but much has happened in it. It seems more like months than weeks."

"And you engaged to Lord Saville?" asked Gwenda quietly.

"If I am, what then?" asked Maud in return.

"Only that you must be happy—that is all," sighed the girl. "Maud, you have every gift that is possible within your grasp, and you wonder I should envy you."

"Don't you remember the fairy tales we used to read as children, where one gift was wanting?" said Maud bitterly—"where the good genii had yet some strange inability to save from misery? Suppose it were so with me. Suppose it is love that is the missing link in the chain of my fate?" she said.

"I thought you disregarded such a sentiment—that you reckoned wealth and station were enough," returned Gwenda earnestly.

"Really, you are as bad as a governess, Gwenda, and remember every word one says," replied Maud fretfully; "but suppose I am, and suppose it is a mistake. Is it anything very wonderful?"

"And can you not love him—Lord Saville, I mean? Poor Maud," said Gwenda, with a soft pity in her tone.

She could realize such a grief. She could imagine what it would have been if she did not love Bernard, or, yet more, had she been bound to marry Gilbert Dorrington when yet so strongly disinclined to such a union. She literally shivered with horror at the bare idea of such misery.

"Perhaps that is it," returned Maud carelessly. "Yes, of course. There can be no other explanation —none to the dilemma."

Her eyes were fixed earnestly on the invalid. But there was nothing in Gwenda's expression or manner that could contradict the words she had uttered.

"But," returned the young heiress gently, "is it really a necessity, Maud, to marriage? Can you not refuse? Must you take him against your will? I could not endure such a fate. I would die first, Maudie."

Lady Maud gave a half-scornful smile.

"So would I. But suppose it is not against my will, what then? You see there is such a thing as being content with what is given to us. And even if it is as you say, perhaps I might still make myself very comfortable as Lady Saville."

"Than I have done," answered Gwenda slowly. "I beg your pardon. No doubt I misunderstood you, Maud."

"Very likely," was the reply.

And for some minutes there was silence between the two girls, during which it would have been a difficult study to read the hearts of one or both the young creatures, so near in age, so like in beauty and in fortune, and yet with thoughts and ideas so widely diverse.

At length Maud broke the pause.

"Do you know one reason that brought me to-day was to please Bernard, to bring you a message from him, to be a go-between in fact?" she added with a rather sarcastic smile.

"It was surely unnecessary," said Gwenda coldly.

"Perhaps, but it is promised, and I will not break my word," continued Maud. "Do you know, Gwenda, that Bernard is in love with you? I suppose it is not necessary to inform you of that."

The girl's suffused face was certainly a sufficient reply.

And Maud gave a half-bitter, impatient gesture as she saw the involuntary betrayal of emotion.

"Well," she went on, "as that is evidently an understood thing, I am spared further trouble. I need only add that Bernard has told mamma and papa, and that—as I have been a good girl, they consider—he is to benefit by my works of supererogation in a sort of Papistical manner, and in consequence he is to do as he wishes and take the wife he wants, without let or hindrance from papa or mamma."

"It is very flattering to me," was Gwenda's first impulse to exclaim.

It was almost past flesh and blood to receive such a consent as a boon only to be purchased at the great sacrifice of another's happiness.

"Maud, surely this is not your motive. If it is, then I am grieved herself to say, "I would rather give up all than make you miserable. If Lord and Lady Brunton do not like me, or approve of your brother's choice, let all be at an end; I should be miserable with such a consciousness."

Lady Maud gave a deep, almost convulsive sob that was veiled under the cover of a sigh.

"Don't be a goose, Gwenda," she said hastily. "I have so far consented now, that I cannot draw back. And, as to the reasons, they do not signify if I am satisfied."

"But I do not understand your brother," said Gwenda coldly enough. "Surely it is a very strange way of informing me of his wishes, or expecting me to reply."

"It is a natural and certainly very flattering impatience of Bernard's," returned Maud rather coldly. "He is so anxious you should know, and tell him all. And, to speak the truth, papa and mamma are rather formal in their ways, and would not have anything done except in the most regular style. And although they have, I suppose, given their full consent to Bernard's proposing to you, they would be dreadfully shocked at his venturing to make it known till it can be done in full and open salons, after you are well again; that is the explanation. You can surely understand and forgive such irregularities, Gwenda," she added reproachfully.

"Then they do consent, and he sent you to tell me," murmured the girl softly.

"Yes, decidedly; that is the state of affairs," was the reply, given in a rather haughty tone of voice, and with a slight drawing up of the slender throat.

Gwenda was silent for a few minutes. Her eyes were closed, her head resting on the soft cushions in an attitude of delicious repose. The white figure and face were a study for an artist in its sweet, rapt, happy visions that seemed floating before the mind's eye.

"It is so strange," she murmured. "O Maudie, why are not you as happy as I am? Why can you not love Lord Saville as I do your brother? It would be so delicious then."

"Better as it is, I suppose," returned Lady Maud lightly. "Perhaps I have no such power. Perhaps I am not given to love and such nonsense, Gwenda. I dare say we shall go on remarkably well, because we shall not expect more than we are likely to find; while I suppose you and Bernard will have such a fool's paradise in your heads that nothing will content you. I do not care to love a husband more than I do Lord Saville, for my part," she continued scornfully.

"You do not! O Maud!" exclaimed Gwenda.

"No, I do not," she said firmly; "and if he is as well satisfied I do not complain. Now I must go," she said suddenly, as if wishing to change the subject, "or I shall get a lecture, and Bernard will declare I have thrown him back a week by exciting you so much, and thus prolong his penance. Ah, it is extremely comical. What nonsense you people talk who pretend to be in love," she went on, with a light, scornful laugh. "Lord Saville and I are much wiser in our generation."

And, with a hearty kiss and a playful shake of the head, she danced out of the room.

"How gay and happy she is!" thought Gwenda, sinking back on her cushions, somewhat exhausted, it might be, by the agitating dialogue. "And no wonder, for all is so plain and prosperous in her destiny, while I, after all, have always a mystery hanging like a cloud over my life. Yet would I change with her, and risk the loveless marriage she is about to make? No, a thousand times, no!"

Had she seen the sudden change that came over the young girl's face when she had once closed herself in her own chamber—had she heard the deep sigh that escaped her lips—there might have been a different opinion of Lady Maud Dorrington's happiness. The chance of Sholto Saville on her fate? No one knew by her fireside, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into a passion of half-resentful, half-sad tears.

"Wiser," she repeated, "wiser! Heaven help us both. But I have promised, and I will perform. And she young as—shall I say it?—and Viscountess Saville need surely not be pitied by the world."

She sprang up, and, drying her tears, she gazed at her fair form in the glass.

"I am not so lovely as Gwenda, perhaps; but yet I am beautiful," she murmured. "Why should he despise such a love—the nobly born and young? Well, well, we shall see. I, at least, will not flinch from the ordeal, nor betray even woman's weakness."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of reflection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

It was perhaps some hour or two after the interview between the young girls so strangely connected alike in companionship and in the prospects that awaited them, Maud had brushed away the tears which for a brief space had stained her fair cheek, and descended to the room which, once a schoolroom for her childhood, was now newly and luxuriously fitted up as a boudoir for her more advanced girlhood. There was no evidence of emotion in her face. In usual gay and sparkling veracity flashed from her eye and played round her lips. It might be that she was too young and two light-hearted for even an anxiety to prey on her heart, or that her nature had more firmness than could have been expected, and that she was bravely defying the fate which she had freely and knowingly accepted as her own. Yet there was a kind of nervous tremor in her whole aspect and mien that forbade either hypothesis. And when, some five minutes after her entrance, a faint rustle was heard, and a low voice whispered, "Maud, Cousin Maud," a thrill ran through her frame utterly disproportioned to the simple visit of a familiar brother cousin.

"Gilbert, what in the world could induce you to come in this extraordinary fashion?" she exclaimed half-angrily, when at length Mr. Dorrington came through the French window into the room, and, closing it carefully after him, stood before her, with a sort of gloomy wildness in his look, which might certainly justify alarm.

"Simply because I wished to speak with you alone, to ask you one question, and to bid you farewell," he returned gloomily.

"Farewell! Why, Gilbert, you are raving. It is not the time for Oxford yet, and till you go there what on earth have you to do?" she said, in a real astonishment, which almost amounted to alarm for his intellect.

He laughed scornfully, as he remarked her timid surprise.

"Oh, you need not be frightened, Maud; I am not in the least mad," he said carelessly, throwing his cap on the floor by the sofa where he sat. "But there has been perhaps enough to make me so," he added bitterly. "Maud, is it true that your brother—that Bernard intends to marry Gwenda Loraine, and that your parents have assented to the engagement?"

"And if it is, what then?" she inquired in a subdued tone.

"Then I shall act accordingly," he said calmly. "Maud, I have grown up with you like your own brother from childhood. I surely can trust you with the secret of my heart, and," he went on fiercely, "it matters little whether you betray me or not—it is all one to me."

Maud could read him better than she would have done a few short weeks before.

"You mean that you love her, Gilbert," she said.

"Worship—idolize her!" he exclaimed fervently. "Maud, I have no more hopes or wishes in life when she is another's. I shall not return to the Hove for many a long year."

"It will be changed indeed," murmured Lady Maud. "I shall be away also, it may be, Gilbert."

"Yes, to make way for the bride," he returned bitterly. "However, that is nothing to the purpose, Maud. I am satisfied now, and I have but to bid you farewell. Heaven bless you, and—if I can say it—her also."

He stooped down to give her a farewell kiss. But the girl started back in a species of surprised repugnance.

"Gilbert, that is actual folly. Where are you going? What can you expect if you offend all your best friends thus?" she said earnestly.

"I care not—I expect nothing," he returned. "It will only dull the pain to have a fiercer pang, if it were possible. Do not attempt to detain me, Maud; let me go and struggle as I may. Hardships, aye, and misery, may do their work; I am content."

Lady Maud still hesitated.

"Suppose you were needed—suppose trouble or illness overtook her or us," she asked—"would not you repent your rashness, Gilbert?"

"No," he replied vehemently. "No. It is no part of my birthright to devote my life to proud ingrates like them. And you, yes, you are thoughtless, and, like all the daughters of prosperity, blunted and insensible to sorrow. That does not touch you."

As he spoke his eyes suddenly rested on her half-averted face.

Its expression seemed to startle him from his preengrossment.

"Maud, is it possible that you are not happy, you, in the very heyday of all that is the most desired by your sex?" he went on sarcastically. "You are going to marry rank and wealth by your own choice. You need not complain, you cannot sympathize with me. I ask it not. Now I must go," she said suddenly, as if wishing to change the subject, "or I shall get a lecture, and Bernard will declare I have thrown him back a week by exciting you so much, and thus prolong his penance. Ah, it is extremely comical. What nonsense you people talk who pretend to be in love," he went on, with a light, scornful laugh. "Lord Saville and I are much wiser in our generation."

And, with a hearty kiss and a playful shake of the head, she danced out of the room.

"How gay and happy she is!" thought Gwenda, sinking back on her cushions, somewhat exhausted, it might be, by the agitating dialogue. "And no wonder, for all is so plain and prosperous in her destiny, while I, after all, have always a mystery hanging like a cloud over my life. Yet would I change with her, and risk the loveless marriage she is about to make? No, a thousand times, no!"

Had she seen the sudden change that came over the young girl's face when she had once closed herself in her own chamber—had she heard the deep sigh that escaped her lips—there might have been a different opinion of Lady Maud Dorrington's happiness. The chance of Sholto Saville on her fate? No one knew by her fireside, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into a passion of half-resentful, half-sad tears.

"Wiser," she repeated, "wiser! Heaven help us both. But I have promised, and I will perform. And she young as—shall I say it?—and Viscountess Saville need surely not be pitied by the world."

She sprang up, and, drying her tears, she gazed at her fair form in the glass.

"I am not so lovely as Gwenda, perhaps; but yet I am beautiful," she murmured. "Why should he despise such a love—the nobly born and young? Well, well, we shall see. I, at least, will not flinch from the ordeal, nor betray even woman's weakness."

WORKING THE STAR TRAP.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of reflection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

It was perhaps some hour or two after the interview between the young girls so strangely connected alike in companionship and in the prospects that awaited them, Maud had brushed away the tears which for a brief space had stained her fair cheek, and descended to the room which, once a schoolroom for her childhood, was now newly and luxuriously fitted up as a boudoir for her more advanced girlhood. There was no evidence of emotion in her face. In usual gay and sparkling veracity flashed from her eye and played round her lips. It might be that she was too young and two light-hearted for even an anxiety to prey on her heart, or that her nature had more firmness than could have been expected, and that she was bravely defying the fate which she had freely and knowingly accepted as her own. Yet there was a kind of nervous tremor in her whole aspect and mien that forbade either hypothesis. And when, some five minutes after her entrance, a faint rustle was heard, and a low voice whispered, "Maud, Cousin Maud," a thrill ran through her frame utterly disproportioned to the simple visit of a familiar brother cousin.

"Gilbert, what in the world could induce you to come in this extraordinary fashion?" she exclaimed half-angrily, when at length Mr. Dorrington came through the French window into the room, and, closing it carefully after him, stood before her, with a sort of gloomy wildness in his look, which might certainly justify alarm.

"Simply because I wished to speak with you alone, to ask you one question, and to bid you farewell," he returned gloomily.

"Farewell! Why, Gilbert, you are raving. It is not the time for Oxford yet, and till you go there what on earth have you to do?" she said, in a real astonishment, which almost amounted to alarm for his intellect.

He laughed scornfully, as he remarked her timid surprise.

"Oh, you need not be frightened, Maud; I am not in the least mad," he said carelessly, throwing his cap on the floor by the sofa where he sat. "But there has been perhaps enough to make me so," he added bitterly. "Maud, is it true that your brother—that Bernard intends to marry Gwenda Loraine, and that your parents have assented to the engagement?"

"And if it is, what then?" she inquired in a subdued tone.

"Then I shall act accordingly," he said calmly. "Maud, I have grown up with you like your own brother from childhood. I surely can trust you with the secret of my heart, and," he went on fiercely, "it matters little whether you betray me or not—it is all one to me."

Maud could read him better than she would have done a few short weeks before.

"You mean that you love her, Gilbert," she said.

"Worship—idolize her!" he exclaimed fervently. "Maud, I have no more hopes or wishes in life when she is another's. I shall not return to the Hove for many a long year."

"It will be changed indeed," murmured Lady Maud. "I shall be away also, it may be, Gilbert."

"Yes, to make way for the bride," he returned bitterly. "However, that is nothing to the purpose, Maud. I am satisfied now, and I have but to bid you farewell. Heaven bless you, and—if I can say it—her also."

He stooped down to give her a farewell kiss. But the girl started back in a species of surprised repugnance.

"Gilbert, that is actual folly. Where are you going? What can you expect if you offend all your best friends thus?" she said earnestly.

"I care not—I expect nothing," he returned. "It will only dull the pain to have a fiercer pang, if it were possible. Do not attempt to detain me, Maud; let me go and struggle as I may. Hardships, aye, and misery, may do their work; I am content."

Lady Maud still hesitated.

"Suppose you were needed—suppose trouble or illness overtook her or us," she asked—"would not you repent your rashness, Gilbert?"

"No," he replied vehemently. "No. It is no part of my birthright to devote my life to proud ingrates like them. And you, yes, you are thoughtless, and, I have left behind me. It is enough to make one regret a return," he added bitterly.

Gilbert grew interested in spite of his own pre-engrossed ideas.

"Then you have friends—relations in your own country?" he asked. "Have you not had news of them during your absence?"

"Perhaps," returned the stranger; "at any rate, I can do without such poor, weak consolation if necessary. And my first chief errand here is for a friend, who has commissioned me to ascertain the condition of some very dear to him. Perhaps you can direct me, sir, to what I want to find," he continued, hesitatingly.

"I can scarcely tell, unless you give me some better clue than such vague words, my friend," Gilbert replied, with a half-amused, inquisitive smile.

"Oh, nothing very difficult, sir. I daresay there are law lists that will tell me all I am anxious to ascertain," observed the stranger. "It is a gentleman of the name of Bolton, whom my friend sent me to find. And, as ill-luck will have it, the letters he gave me and directions to him and some other people are all at the bottom of the sea. I was overtaken in a shipwreck, you see, sir, and that swept away everything I had, or I should scarcely present the appearance that may well shock you," he went on, with a strange, covert smile.

Gilbert Dorrington was somewhat perplexed at his manner. Was he mad, or an impostor, or an unlucky, simple-minded refugee returning from a and unfortunate absence from his native land? In any case he felt a remarkable interest in the desolate stranger.

"You are right," he said kindly; "if Mr. Bolton is a lawyer, he must be easily discovered. And if you need funds, my good friend, I will be happy to assist you, as far as my own slender means will allow. I am but a struggling man myself, but I have still a few pounds to bestow on one more needy and helpless than I am in purse, or health or friends."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLY HERBERT'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Our hunting trip having ended, the wagons were packed to their utmost capacity, and parked for the night. This was at the headwaters of the North Concho.

The monotony of our camp was relieved by the arrival of a scouting party of soldiers, who had been out on McKenzie's trail after a party of redskins that had been down in the vicinity of Camp Colorado perpetrating their usual depredations. The scouting party had pursued the Indians till they reached the Double Mountains, where they lost the trail, and now they were on their return to camp, somewhat disheartened at their unsuccessful scout.

After a good supper, and a little of Veck's best, that we had left after our hunt, the boys in blue soon forgot poor Lo!

Some of our hunting party and most of the scouting party were old acquaintances. This being the case, it was not long before all hands were joking with one another. Billy Herbert of the hunting party is known to all old hunters out here as one of the best fellows a hunting party can have along; not only for his marksmanship, but also because he is the life of a party in camp. This fact was known to the boys in blue, and one of them thought he would draw Billy out by asking him to enlist.

"Not any for me, if you please," says Billy. "They don't take old men like me," he continued, taking off his hat and pointing to his hair, which was gray enough to suit Billy's father, had he been living.

"That gray head won't prevent you, Billy," said one of the soldiers, "for you are not over thirty years of age."

"As to my age, you are about right," replied Billy; "but that gray head is just what does prevent me from having anything to do with the service. Now, being it's too soon for bed yet, I don't mind explaining how it does."

Our hunting party was all attention, for we had often wondered how Billy could be so gray, and still so young.

"Now, boys," said Billy, "I'll tell you how I got so gray, and why that gray head prevents me from going into the army. During the Rebellion I enlisted in a cavalry regiment—one of the best at that time, and I think the best at the present. I liked the duty, my comrades were all I could desire, and the officers as well as anyone would like. I had served my time out within a few days, when our regiment entered the city of Chattanooga, and went into camp just outside of the town. Our duty was that of guarding the different store-houses, containing quartermaster and commissary property. One of those buildings was situated to the depot, and contained about a hundred barrels of whiskey. Now, this article was scarce in the city—so much so, that a soldier could not get a drink of it for love or money, and this restriction was caused by an order from the provost-marshal. Many were the plans of the boys to get at the whiskey; but it was no use, for those that were posted over it knew how well they were watched, and so kept a sharp look-out.

"The night before my time expired it so happened that I was on guard over the whiskey, and as that was to be my last, I thought I would stretch a point, and let the boys have a little time the day I was to take for my home. It was agreed that a party of the lads of my own company should take one of the hand-cars used by the laborers on the road, and come to the depot when I would be posted, 'buck and gag' me, and then take my carbine and a barrel of the whisky to a place of concealment. About eleven o'clock that night I was posted, had the barrels counted, and the orders repeated over to me. It was not a great while before I heard the rumbling of the car. I soon recognized the boys, and did not challenge. The first to advance was my old friend Johnny Hannan, saying:

"'Now, Billy, we must hurry.'"

"'All right,' says I. 'Take this,' handing him my carbine. It was but a short time before I was fast to a post near the office-door, and gagged well enough to prevent me from giving any alarm, had I been so inclined. I soon heard the little car leave, and the rumbling noise die away in the distance. Now, thinks I, for the story I must tell the corporal when he comes with the relief. I soon concluded to say how a party of citizens (masked) had jumped me, and made off with something. I knew not what, as my back was toward them as they left.

"While musing over my story, I was horror-stricken by a strong smell of something burning. You can bet your bottom dollar that it was not long till the cold sweat run down my face; and I was soon confirmed in my worst fears, for fire quickly burst bursting through the open floor. I tried my best to break from the post; but no use, for there I was as fast as a rope could make me. I knew it was late at night, and I knew I could look for no assistance from the guard, as they were at least half a mile from me. The smoke now suffocating me, and I could feel the blisters forming on my face. This was about the last of my recollection. When I came too, I was in bed at the post hospital, where I had been carried by the party that found me tied to the post. It was now daylight; and I could see from my window that the depot had been burned to the ground.

"I was not much injured, but my face was blistered and my hair singed. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that my hair (all I had left) had turned as gray as you now see it. I leave you to guess the cause—fire or fright.

"On the following day I received my discharge, and left that evening for home. However, before starting, I learned from one of the boys of another company that they had been watching the depot for some time; and thinking that, by firing it, they could make away with some of the whiskey in the confusion, they did so. He was one of the party that did the business, and the one that found me while looking for the whiskey.

"On my arrival at home I found my mother very low. I shall never forget the look she gave me on beholding my hair. She asked what caused it, and the best answer I could give her was "the army." She then asked me to promise her that I would not go back to the army, and I did so promise; and as long as I live I intend to keep it. So, boys, now you know what caused my hair to be gray, and why it prevents me from joining you. If it was not for what I tell you I would soon be in my old regiment, and many of the old hands would rejoice."

WEALTH and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale, would be fond very indigent and ragged.—*Emerson.*

SHARPS AND FLATS.

A Chapter on Billiards, showing how they who go about seeking for "Flats" to play, may some time find, when their game is lost, they have "reckoned for once without their host."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY AARON VANDERWERKER,
Author of "Love and Billiards."

In the Empire City, in years

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

T. R. C.—1. Your penmanship is quite fair, and much superior to your orthography, *vide* the "problemn" you forward for our annoyance. 2. The "problemn," as you write the word, is: "A horse I bought for 50 per cent. less than his real worth having become injured, I sold him for twenty-five per cent. less than he cost me, and thereby lost $55 of his original value. What did I get for the horse?" You got $60.75%. There is no question, however apparently trivial, but merits a courteous answer, provided it be asked in perfect good faith; but you are one of a too numerous class who would lumber newspapers, and encroach upon the valuable time of their editors, with queries asked not for information, but with the sole design of exploiting the fancied smartness of their authors at the expense of the newspaper, which in its hurry may perpetrate an error. You require us, with no better basis than the mere figures 55, 50 and 25, to find out what your horse was worth, what you bought him for, and what you sold him for; yet really you are in no need of the information asked. On the contrary, you stand convicted of having sought to trifle with both our time and our temper; for when you tell us that you sold the animal for 25 per cent. *less than he cost you*, you necessarily tell us, also, that you *already know* "how much you got for the horse."

PHOENIX IN CLARKE.—A correspondent writes us from Jefferson City, Mo., wishing to learn if any of our readers has ever solved the enigma of such rotation with a whole deck of cards, all four suits mixed and together on the same principle as one suit. What he means by such rotation is to take the seven, ace, queen, deuce, eight, three, jack, four, nine, five, king, six and ten spot of one suit, and then run them out in rotation by placing the top card in the hand on the bottom, and the second card (the ace) on the board, and next the top card (queen) on the bottom, and the next card (deuce) on the board, and so on. One such rotation has frequently been accomplished; but our correspondent claims that he can take all four suits, shuffled together, and run them out, each suit in rotation and in due order—meaning, by due order, to run out one suit complete before beginning another. Has any of our readers ever seen so heavy a task in "Patience" successfully accomplished?

C. K. A., Washington.—As B evidently has a standard of his own by which he judges of what is first-class in this world, nothing that we could adduce would be likely to alter his views as to the merits of the point in dispute. Maurice Daly was not in 1868 a first-class billiard-player in a professional sense, and he was much less so in a literal sense. B's argument is that any player above the ordinary run is first-class. Now, it is an every-day experience that Z double-discounts Y, who is above the ordinary run of players, so that Y is first-class, by what term shall we designate the status of Z, who is clearly sixty-five per cent. better player than Y? Shall it be "Z first-class XXX," against Y first-class X?" The stakeholder should pay the money.

LOST DESPATCHES.—Duplicate discharges are never issued, but a certificate of discharge will be furnished by the Adjutant-general of the army when discharge is lost. The course necessary to be pursued is as follows: The soldier must furnish an affidavit that he has made diligent search for it and cannot recover it. Affidavits from two or more reliable persons (officers of his former command preferable), establishing his identity, must also be furnished. All affidavits forwarded must be certified to by the clerk of a Court of Record, showing that the civil officer before whom the oath was administered was duly authorized to administer oaths.

A. T.—"Three parties agree to mark the number of cubic inches in a gallon. A marks 231; B 232; and C, 240. The man B purchase of C is to give quarter measure. C refuses—C, who occupies the central position. Differing from the mathematical question elsewhere condemned as trifling with our time, there is merit underlying the face of this problem. The same thing, in substance, may be put in a variety of different shapes, with the same result—the party whose middle mark should, logically, guarantee him against loss, is really better off than either of the others.

A. WITNER, Prescott, Canada.—Two clubs agreeing to play a game, and commencing such game, and the contest being interrupted by the main bottle of five bottles each not were completed, and the two captains of the contesting nines mutually agreeing to end the contest where it was stopped, owing to the bad condition of the ground from a rain, all cause of action by the umpire is removed, his duty solely being to be the judge of fair and unfair play in disputed points of play. The captains having agreed, as stated, the umpire has no right to rule on a decision in force.

T. C. B., Cassino.—Owing to the mistake of A in attempting to take his combination of four with a five-spot, the ace, three and four are bonded, and A can combine but ace and five and take them with a six. The fact that A has a four in his hand is no ground upon which he can claim to rectify his error. It simply was the luck of losing the game, which would have been the penalty for calling "four" if he had had no four-spot in his hand.

J. B. A., Pinpoint.—1. We keep no record of the wealth of individuals, for the reason that it is somewhat subject to fluctuation. 2. It is now the custom, at least in this quarter, for a bursted player to play in his regular turn on "ringing."

C. D.—1. He was born in Bergen, Norway. 2. He is now in Europe, and performed last in this city. 3. He does not play for a salary, but receives a share of the profits. 4. The salary fluctuates from $50 per week to $300 or $400 per night.

F. L., Fort Concho.—The national debt, less cash in Treasury, and exclusive of currency bonds issued to Pacific Railroads, was on Dec. 1, 1873, two billions one hundred and fifty millions eight hundred and sixty-two thousand and fifty-three dollars and forty cents. Your French way of numeration seems to have been insensibly adopted here.

X. Y. Z., Casino.—1. A having combined to "five," B could not touch them except with a five spot. In four-handed cassino, a player cannot either combine or build for his partner, unless he himself has in hand a card of the denomination of the hand or combination.

NEW DOMINION.—1. Your olden-time clippings will be quite interesting to our readers, who shall have an opportunity to peruse them at an early day. 2. Manager Robson of Boston seems to have been unusually favored in a pecuniary way.

INQUIRER.—"*Cam-el-o-pard*" is pronounced as here written, and is also pronounced, upon quite as good authority, with the accent upon the second syllable, instead of upon the first, as "cam-*el*-o-pard."

J. D. W., Montreal.—Mattie Howard trotted 20 miles in harness in 59min. 30¼sec., on a half-mile track, at San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 7, 1871. This is the most recent performance of the feat.

SHAKEHOLDER, Oil City.—You lose your money. Hoyle expressly states that when 31 is made, only 2 points are taken. If 15 is made with the last card, the player is then entitled to 3 points.

J. T. C., Paris.—The four parties who threw 45 each are entitled to the first three prizes; the lowest throw, 36, taking the harness and robe. The throw of 44 is not entitled to anything at all.

SMOKING SUBSCRIBER.—1. It would be a question for the courts to decide, if the matter came to such a stage since 1867. 3. Your other questions are of a kind we never answer.

C. H. V., Chicago.—Pool, when played on a billiard table, whether in a public saloon or in the private house, is billiards; and your friend has forfeited the raiment.

M. T., Brooklyn.—1. The parody shall appear. 2 Ada Wray is not performing at present, and the Lauri Family are in England.

MAUDE.—1. At Keyport, N. T. 2 At Sumter, S. C., in 1842. 3. Sept. 13, 1870, in "Man and Wife." 4. In this city, Nov. 7, 1867.

C. J. S., Montreal.—1. They are performing in Europe, but their precise location we do not know. 2. From $25 to $100 per week, according to merit and reputation.

BLUE DUCK, Brookfield.—1. O only wanting one point and making the use he gave for the pitch, goes out with his high before B's low. 2. Not unless you can give proof that the player cited this year or one.

J. L. B., Albany.—The cards played being 3, 3, 4 and 5, entitles B, who played the 5, to five points: 5 for the run, and two for 15. Of course there can be a run from a pair.

W. G. H., Hillsdale.—Certainly, a carom can be made without hitting the one-ball or any other with the cue. It can be done by hitting the cushion smartly with the hand.

E. S. A., Virginia.—We are using a page at present. 2. The little spuills will not do for THE CLIPPER, although they might answer for some less pious paper.

M. G., Chicago.—It is entirely optional with the advertisement is most probably only a "gag," and does not refer to any one.

CONSTANT READER, Phila.—The Constitution does not prohibit a President from holding office longer than two terms.

J. J. P., Charleston.—1. According to the census of 1870 the total number of Indians in the United States and Territories was 25,731. 2. You neglected to mention the distance.

A READER, Clifford.—The greatest distance run by a pedestrian in one hour is 11 miles, 780 yards, by Deerfoot, in England.

JOHN H.—1. Several claim the title, but none are entitled to it. 2. The fastest walking time for one mile is 6 min. 25 sec. by Joe Steadwell, in England.

N. W. W., Chicago.—No; 40 is the largest number, we believe, ever drawn by one man, and that was with Spalding & Rogers' Circus.

W. Keokuk.—1. 17 is the largest on record. 2. No; nor has anyone else accomplished that feat. 3. The last named. 4. From $180 per week, upward.

FRED. M., Mystic Bridge.—Tom Cayers and Nat Langham were opponents in the ring once only.

H. G., H., Wellington.—No; there are many others as good—among them Jem Berger and Spaulding.

E. J. F., Albany.—Because it did not reach us until Tuesday afternoon.

J. C., Boston.—1. Inclose one three-cent stamp. 2 We cannot say. 3. You will find it very difficult.

W. R. R., I. No. 2. The one in this city. 3. We do not express opinions in this department.

OLD SPECTATOR, Davenport, Ia.—1. He is. 2. No such compound can be had.

C. E. X., Brooklyn.—1. There is no day boat to Albany. 2. Any Steamboat Guide will give you the information.

DRUMMER.—She never acted in Louisville, Ky., nor did she ever play the character named outside of this city.

THEATRE-GOER.—That is the name he is known by, and we have no right to inquire farther.

F. S. P., Buffalo.—No answers by mail. Send to Col. T. Allston Brown for his Showman's Guide, as per card.

E. R. M., Peachville.—1. A being out, has nothing more to do with the game. 2. B's throw goes to help D.

JAKEY, Lawrenceville.—The daily journals of the time contain the best account of the Chicago fire.

STRAW CALLIOPE, River Point.—A is entitled to throw again against B for his second tie of three trays.

C. A. A.—A break at cribbage is when the sequence is interrupted by a card played or held in hand.

O. L.—The salary of the President of the United States is $50,000 per annum.

C. A., Crusoe.—Cannot say. Look out for a letter sent to you, to St. Louis, May 23.

NELSE S.—It shall have early attention, and the original will be returned to you.

SOPHIE ELMA, Phila.—The lines are quite pretty, and shall be given a place next week.

B. C. M.—London, Eng., is the most populous city in the world.

PEELER BOY, Jacksonport.—A must have a sight for the money he has in the pot, it being all he has.

J. O.—Louis Shaw, billiard-player, has probably gone West.

L. R. S., Boston.—The cards played being 3, 4, 5, 4, there is no run with the last 4.

OLD READER, Lima.—The horse Dexter that trotted in California is not the Dexter owned by Mr. Bonner.

J. L. B., East Medway.—A is in error. At raffles two fives and a six beat two sixes and a two.

R. AND M., Albany.—He died in this city July 17, 1871, of consumption.

ANONYMOUS.—We have no further knowledge of the matter than what is announced upon the bills.

G. H. J.—"Oliver Twist" was produced at the Grand Opera-house in this city July 5, 1869, and ran until the 15th.

BURGE, Bath, N. Y.—He was born in January, 1832. We have no record of the others.

J. M. G., Brooklyn.—The Bowery Theatre has four private boxes.

W. S. COOPER.—1. The letters have been sent for. 2. It was probably some old farce acted under that title.

M. J. E.—It is fair, for a first effort; more care may make your next attempt successful.

G. W., Ypsilanti.—If not in this issue, "Peddling" will be presented in our next.

J. W. W.—A new beginner commences well—the screed will be published.

OKNO, Toledo.—We do not remember. If we received it, acknowledgment should have been made.

J. R. M., Johnstown.—Cannot insert a challenge unless a deposit accompanies it.

CONSTANT READER.—He reached Chicago a little ahead of the specified time.

WERNER, J. S., Denver.—John Welcher, No. 87 South 13th street, Newark, N. J., makes running shoes.

W. S. K.—Dick Monks did not walk 1,000 miles in 1,000 half hours.

CHAS. L. M., Houston.—Thank you, but we do not require such a report.

C. K. P.—He did not. The greatest distance ever walked in one hour is 7 miles 1,380 yards, in England.

A. A., Easton.—Between 2 and 3 o'clock.

JOHN JACKSON, Fall River.—100 rats were killed in 5 min. 28 sec., by Jacko, in England.

R. D. YATES, Trenton.—It has been done once in Great Britain and once in this country.

JOHN RILEY, Bay City.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland.

GINSLING.—1. She is. 2. Both. She was not offered the position. 3. By Dumas, Jr.

J. B., Easton.—Bets go by the decision of the umpire mutually agreed upon. Those betting on the Eastons won.

MARBLE.—1. Yes; Gould of the Baltimore nine is the old Red Stocking fielder. 2. Cannot say.

BROWN.—1. Spalding, McBride and Matthews. 2. Certainly not. 3. Batten came from the Easton Club.

F. E. M., Easton.—If you agreed to a change of umpires, you should have abided by his decision.

D. H. C.—There can be no game played at Saratoga. There is no ground.

SARATOGA SWAN.—McBride and Matthews are both better pitchers than the other party mentioned.

F. A. W.—He hails from Washington, but we do not know any further particulars concerning him.

J. B. M.—1. We simply gave them in the order of won games. 2. May 2.

C. H. F. & W. E., Austin.—At poker dice, sixes beat aces

J. L. E., Orange.—C and D, having euchered A, score two

F. O. B.—A jack turned up in a misdeal does not count.

A. B.—Charles Gayler, who can be addressed in our care.

J. H. B., Toledo.—Such things have to be made to order.

YOUNG PEDESTRIAN.—Read the CLIPPER dated May 23.

G. S. B., Baltimore.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

H. F. K., Philadelphia.—Any theatrical costumer.

S. A. L., Fairview.—We never heard of the book.

FRANK L., Big Rapids.—Accepted for publication.

R. MCKAY.—We'll give "The Irish Boy" a show.

M. D. B.—Tom Sayers never fought Jim Mace.

ACTOR, Ontario.—No; they never did.

SUBSCRIBER.—Pronounced or-kes-tra.

S. M. D. M.—See reply to "C. K. P."

C. H., Providence.—Address Drawer 5.

C. R., St. Joseph.—We have none.

E. M., New Orleans.—No charge.

A. D. C.—Cannot say.

Our New Business Office.

As before announced, the business department of THE CLIPPER will shortly be removed from the present office, on the first floor of THE CLIPPER Building, to the store immediately underneath, No. 88 Centre street, which we are now busily engaged in fitting up, at a large outlay, with every requisite that will facilitate the transaction of business or add to the convenience of our patrons. Special attention will be paid to the post-office; two rooms will be provided—one for ladies, and the other for gentlemen—wherein they can read their letters, write replies, and have them mailed direct. When completed, this addition to our various departments will make THE CLIPPER's one of the most ornamental and convenient newspaper offices in the city.

THE SUMMER VACATION.

Saratoga and dog-house trunks are in course of overhauling and fumigation previous to being sent on their annual rounds of Summer resorts and fashionable watering-places; while dressmakers and other purveyors in the ornamentation of the female form are hurrying up their jobs with remarkable activity, now that Winter has given evidence of a cessation of "lingering in the lap of Spring." The panic and its attendant train of depressing circumstances will probably circumscribe the lay-out of many of our belles, whose indulgent pas and manceuvering mammas have found it to be extremely difficult to make both ends meet and keep up appearances in the family circle during the season of indoor frivolities just coming to a close. It is probable, therefore, that Summer outfits may be somewhat curtailed; which, of course, will necessitate a *brief* stoppage of the wearer at each resort on the grand rounds: for the stay of a fashionable visitor depends upon the condition of the trunks—thus, beginning at the top, and going through to the bottom, gives a day's wearing to each change; and then the show being over, tracks are made for the next place, where the same process is gone through, and so on to the end, one Saratoga trunk full of store-clothes being as good as a new outfit for every place. So, as we remarked, if the trunk is small, short stands must follow, and the lady with nothing to wear gets credit for being well-stocked. Thus, you see, economy has to be sometimes observed in high life as well as in low. That the coming season will be a great success at the watering-places, does not obtain credence among those who ought to know; and proprietors of first-class hotels and engineers of family boarding-houses do not view the situation with exultation and delight. On the contrary, fears are entertained that the general stagnation in business, and the unproductive character of what little trade there is doing, will go far toward changing observance of the Summer vacation, and compel a sojourn with the old folks at home. Truly, this is a sad outlook; but we cannot offer anything better. As the farmer said when gathering in the harvest, "only two-thirds of a crop can be reckoned on," and that will be about as high an average as can be expected. Many who have heretofore passed the Summer solstice at the fashionable resorts will this season try the comforts and good, wholesome fare of country boarding-houses, where silly affectation may be thrown aside, and real enjoyment take its place. It is sweet to wander by the ocean's surging foam, "hand in hand with those we love;" but oh! how better far to prance through meadows green, by purling stream, where bullfrogs croak their tender lays and hopfrogs gently leave. The crisp potatoes of Saratoga may assuage our grief at the loss of a pet poodle, but mountain trout and capon broiled will reconcile a man to the untimely decease of his mother-in-law, and make him rejoice that her loss is his gain. As we have said, better real love in a woodland cot than mock turtle at Long Branch or Cape May.

THUS EARLY we raise our warning voice against the use of unripe fruits, and to those parents who feel any interest in the existence of their children we urge the necessity of calling attention to the pernicious results of an undue indulgence in green apples and new potatoes. In a short time our corner-stands and other itinerant establishments will be filled with early fruit, which is certain death. The fascinating influence of a cent glass of ice cream draws many an urchin to his last account, and the red glare of the first lemonade of the season dazzles the juvenile eyes to such an extent that he forgets home, parents, everything, in the desire for more; but poison lurks within the cup, and in a few days, after the wholesale imbibition, the heartbroken parents of the deceased "put away his little trousers, for Johnny has climbed the golden stair." O parents of juveniles tender! O uncles and aunts of small boys! let us implore you to plead that your little innocents may not be led into temptation by the allurements of the fell-destroyer who sells three green apples for a cent, and vitriolic lemonade for a like equivalent. Amazons are warring against the venders of tansy; crusaders are making things lively for the dispensers of fustiol; yes, manufacturers of swill milk have argus eyes upon them; and rabid curs are taken in; but little children are permitted to eat green fruit with impunity. Dare we hope that the Mayor will so one eye on our early-apple stands?

AND NOW, life-insurance agents are swarming Massachusetts; dwelling with rapture on the uncertainty of life as shown by the late outbreak of the dam water; picturing in glaring colors the heart-harrowing scenes in Hampshire County; and showing, in their own peculiar way, how death may be robbed of its terrors by taking out a policy of insurance. Truly, Massachusetts is humbled in the dust—first came the fire-fiend with devastating strides; then followed a tidal wave, as avalanche of water; and now is exhaled the poisonous breath of the life-insurance plague. What more? Let the sewing-machine people step in, and Massachusetts' cup of misery will be filled to the brim.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM!—A man, representing himself to be the agent of a firm in Texas, called at THE CLIPPER office last week, and negotiated for the transmission by express of a large number of CLIPPERS weekly, at club rates; in payment for which he tendered a draft for $1,600, at six days' sight, on a New York house. Before filling the first installment of his order, we presented the draft for acceptance, and were not surprised to find it bogus. The same party called on other publishers and made similar arrangements. The *strangest* part of the transaction is that the person did not ask for the usual "small loan until he got a check cashed," as is the custom with parties of that sort. As he may try his little game on publishers elsewhere, we give this timely warning.

THAT LITTLE AFFAIR in Arkansas has been amicably settled, after a dance of death. The fancy steps which Brooks took to overthrow the State Government have given place to the Baxter hop.

A REMARKABLE CASE of unfeigned insanity has just come to our notice. It appears that in Wilkesbarre, Pa., resided a man named McNally, and one day last week James Donahue went to pay McNally some money that he owed him; but McNally, in a moment of temporary insanity, *shot* Donahue as the latter was tendering the money! That the insane freak was not feigned, is certain, for no man would wilfully injure another in such a case; but whether the sudden shock caused by the debtor seeking out the creditor overthrew McNally's reason, or whether it was the result of a combination of circumstances, will never be known.

THE SENATE of the United States has so modified the House Centennial invitations to other nations as to permit invitations to be extended, but cautioning foreign powers against any expectation of aid in the matter of expenses, etc. Considering that ours "is the greatest country on the face of the globe," isn't the Senate's action a very small piece of business? It's like Mrs. Grundy sending out invitations to a number of friends to attend her tea-party, but requesting them to bring along their own refreshments. Verily, owing to the Cheap Johnnies who now run Congress, it will be ridiculous to call the proposed Centennial an *international* exhibition.

THE BILLIARD-PLAYERS will be in their glory this week. Two games that promise much are on the tapis, one in Philadelphia between E. H. Nelms and William Dodds, and the other in this city, between Albert Garnier and Francois Ubassy, the latter of whom is on the eve of sailing for France, but will probably return to this country ere long. Both of these promised games are to be played on the same night, however, which will prevent those Philadelphians who usually run on to witness contests in this city from being present at Ubassy's farewell.

THE INVALIDS of New Jersey are to experience immunity, for a few days at least, from the various operations of physic. The Medical Society of that State are to leave their several homes and congregate upon the beach at Long Branch this week, and it is confidently anticipated that the congregation will be a large one. Thus pray their patients.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE near reservoirs are becoming nervous and unsettled, and are looking for more eligible sites without so *much* water privileges. Crusaders who have been so zealously advocating the merits of water have been compelled to back water since the Mill-river deluge. Water is very well in its place; but when it breaks out, then stand from under.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dull times, Philadelphia continues to give due encouragement to the game of baseball; and its two great clubs—the Athletic and the Philadelphia — receive well-merited commendation from the press of that city. It is the only city that supports two professional clubs.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The conveyance of Nellie Grant to Mr. Sartoris.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ May 18: It was cabled that the Guatemalan Government had paid off the entire foreign debt, consisting of £10,000; that the Emperor of Germany had temporarily retired Count Von Arnim from the diplomatic service; that the Duke of Chartres had challenged Paul De Cassagnac to fight a duel in Paris; that the Republican General Concha had established his headquarters at Miranda, Spain; and that Gen. Rey had been appointed Captain-general of Madrid, vice Pavia, resigned.....Jay Gould, of the steamer Manchu, from Nagasaki for Shanghae, China, March 17, was reported.....But five persons, including Capt. Lowell and Dr. Spedding, are known to have been out of fifty on board.....Nathaniel Parkes, Jerry Casey, Nicholas Nolts and Charles Mahaka were killed, and others injured, by the bursting of a dam in Wisconsin County, Wis.....Governor Moses and Ex-Treasurer Humbert of South Carolina were indicted for breach of trust and grand larceny.....Advices from Jacmel, Hayti, mentioned the burning of Sievers & Co.'s and Espinau's stores.....Edward Ward was arrested for murdering her paramour, Chas. Timbrook, near Dayton, N. J. The parties are colored.....Thos. Dwyer of New York, and Thomas Gallagher, of Ordnance of the U. S. Army, died at Washington, D. C.....Frank Carter was run over and killed by a railroad train near Boston, Mass.....In the General Sessions Court, this city, Patrick Pigott, who headed gang fights between the Dead Rabbits and Bowery boys, and Joseph Conway, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; and John Geary was acquitted of the charge of having killed Police Captain Cavanagh.....Oscar Lawenstein of New York was drowned by a ferry-boat crushing his skiff.

May 21: Count de Montebello and Prince Metternich fought with swords in Canada, France, but both were wounded in the arm and disabled.....Ten persons, suspected of knowing something about missing firearms, were arrested at Cork, Ireland.....The Russian Czar left England for home.....At a Prussian Diet was proposed.....The new defeat of two separate bodies of Carlists was reported at Madrid, Spain, where it was rumored that the royalists had shot a third prisoner.....Miss Grant, sister of President Grant, was united in marriage at the White House, Washington, D. C., to Algernon C. F. Sartoris of Lichfield, Eng.....Bishop Quarantillo excommunicated the pro-Carlist Bishop of Tortosa, Spain.....The Czar of Russia reviewed 14,000 troops at Aldershot, Eng. In the evening a state ball was given in his honor at Buckingham Palace.....After calling out the negro militia to protect him, Gov. Moses of South Carolina, by advice of counsel, surrendered himself to the authorities at Columbia, and was bailed in the sum of $10,000.....John Overend and family, in all six persons, were found murdered in their house near San Diego, Cal.....Incendiaries were arrested at Aylmer, Canada.....Official intelligence was received of a serious affray which occurred between relatives at Cherry Creek, Miss., May 14. W. Garner was shot dead, and Lark Milam, Mr. McCoy, Sr., and Mr. McCoy were wounded.....Jas. McNeil was fatally cut by Daniel McCoy, aged 19, at Brooklyn, N. Y.....Robt. Quayle was run over and killed at Monmouth Junction, N. J.....Jas. Kelly was killed by a locomotive while walking on the St. Paul Railroad for burning a sawmill, was awarded $125,000 damages.....John Ackerman was crushed to death by a wagon in Kingston, collier's wife, in Kingston, Canada, Penitentiary were partially destroyed by fire.....Jonas Oppenheimer, a peddler, suicided in this city. $4,000 were found in his trunks.....Bell, the murderer, was found guilty of wife murder.....James White, who killed Wm. G. McLaughlin at Boston, Mass., was sent to State Prison for life.....A house in Cincinnati, O., fell killing a little daughter of Mrs. Murphy, severely injuring parents, a sister and two others, Wm. Whitaker fatally.....It was reported from Nassau, N. P., under date of May 17, that the steamer Spitfire was captured, and that the schooner Phœnix off Ship Channel Keys.....Two men were injured by a collision on the Midland Railroad, at Markdrive, Ont.

☞ May 20: Prof. Swing of Chicago, Ill., charged with heresy, was acquitted by the Presbyterian Council.....Sir John Canadian Catholic Premier, admitted in the House of Commons.....Cable dispatches stated that three American students at Lausanne were drowned in Lake Geneva, Switzerland: that the farm laborers' lock-out in Lincolnshire, Eng., was ended; that President Thiers agreed to exclude Bonapartists from his cabinet; that the reported challenge from the Duke de Chartres to Paul de Cassagnac was not accepted; that the Carlists were routed after a sharp skirmish near Bilbao, Spain, on the 19th, the republican loss being 100, and that the royalists report the loss of the Government troops at 400.....Judge Marchant of Cincinnati, O., discharged the 43 praying women arrested for obstructing the sidewalks, admonishing them that if the act was repeated they would be liable to arrest and punishment.....Kate Hamilton, aged sixteen, was found murdered in the outskirts of Summit Hill, Pa.....Governor Caldwell of North Carolina resigned until 1876.....Wm. Wise & Co.'s planing mills, Chicago, Ill., occasioned a loss of $30,000.....A shock of earthquake was felt at San Francisco, Cal.....Chas. Hanay, an engineer on the N. Y. Central road, was dangerously wounded by a railroad collision near Schenectady.....Tom Collins cut and severed his jugular in this city.....John Donovan, injured in a fight with Italian laborers in New York, died.....Louis Blanc, Deputy from Paris to the Pennsylvania Legislature, was shot and, it is thought, mortally wounded, by Jacob Wittner, at Washington, Lancaster County, Pa.....John Rhinemiller killed Wm. Platford in Brooklyn, N. Y.....Mexican advices to the 18th inst. brought intelligence of the burning alive of four persons, accused of sorcery, in Sinaloa.

☞ May 22: The Count de Chambord expressed himself in favor of a dissolution of the French Assembly, believing that France can only be secure under a conservative republic.....The ministerial crisis in Italy was reported.....The New York stage-drivers agreed to strike for an increase of wages.....The receptions at the Vatican, Rome, Italy, were suspended because of the illness of the Pope.....Thos. O'Connell was fatally shot by John Smarrigh, proprietor of a saloon in this city.....Jacob Berg and George Neubauer were drowned in the Genesee River, N. Y.....Alice Tennant, recently separated from her husband, killed herself in the house of ill-repute at San Francisco, Cal.

THE SECOND MATCH for the one-mile bicycle championship and £50 a side between Cooper and Keen took place at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., May 2. The latter, as before, led until the last three hundred yards, when he was collared and passed by Cooper, who won by one yard. Referee and judge, J. Vandy. Pistol-firer, Mr. Leverell.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APPLEGATE, Elijah—The oldest resident of Louisville, Ky., and one of the most prominent merchants of the West. He was the first male child born in Jefferson County, Ky.—Louisville, that county, May 23, aged 75.

ALLAN, Boyce—One of the firm owning the Allan line of steamers—London, Eng., May 23.

ABBOTT, Dr. Benj. F.—Melrose, Mass., May 17, aged 58.

BROWN-SEQUARD, Maria R.—Wife of Dr. C. E. Brown-Sequard, the eminent authority on diseases of the brain and nerves, and daughter of the late George Carlisle of Cincinnati, O.—there, May 23, aged 43.

BOWEN, Hon. John—Formerly of the New Orleans firm of Hawes & Bowen, and a member of the Louisiana Legislature of 1870-71. Suicide by drowning—that city, May 19.

BIBBRIM, William F.—Ex-Commodore of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, Boston, Mass., and a member of Howard Lodge of Oddfellows, and also of Grand Army Post No. 11. He was also Master Sailmaker in the Navy Yard at Charlestown, had been a member of the Common Council, and during the Rebellion served in the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment—Boston, May 16, aged about 60.

BERRY, Capt. Tom—Formerly a steamboat commander in the Memphis and Little Rock trade, but for several years past a planter at Walnut Bend, Ark. Shot and killed by Jas. Marks. The difficulty had grown out of a lawsuit—there, May 15.

BEATTY, Miss Louisa—Sister of Eugene Martinez the knife-thrower—Wilmington, Del., April 18, aged 22.

BOWEN, Rev. R. J.—Pastor of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia—there, May 20, aged 29.

CONWAY, Robert—An old and esteemed resident and merchant of New Orleans, for the past forty years. He was a native of Alexandria, Va.—New Orleans, La., May 18, aged 61.

CALVIT, Frederick Joseph—Of French descent, and born in the limits of the present State of Mississippi in 1786. Removed to Texas in 1823—Velasco, Texas, April 28, aged 88.

DE ST. ROMES, Dr. Paul Henry Eugene—Of New Orleans, La., and son of the late J. C. De St. Romes, who was also a prominent author. He was a native of Louisiana *Courier*, and also a veteran of 1814-15—that city, May 7.

DAVIS, Col. Edward L.—Had for many years been associated with Crosby's lithographic establishment, and also with the old Lyceum Theatre, this city. Died of apoplexy—Jersey City, N. J., May 20.

DE HASS, Gen. Charles—A native of Pennsylvania, formerly one of the State Chief-engineers, and father of Rev. Dr. Eastburn and Dr. Willis De Hass—Brooklyn, N. Y., May 19, aged 81.

EDWARDS, Joseph H.—Formerly a resident of Baltimore, but latterly of Washington, D. C., where he was last season private watchman for the Theatre Comique, in which house he was to have taken a benefit on the night of the very day on which he died, his death being directly due to paralysis, which first manifested itself while he was employed at the Washington Navy Yard. When Knownothingism was at its height in the Monumental City, he was one of the leaders of the roughs who had their headquarters on Federal Hill, having first become prominent as a member of the Fire Department. It is said of him that he was conspicuous at the Fifteenth Ward polls when Barclay Kyle was killed, and it is certain that he was indicted for having participated in the riot and the murder which made that day a black one for Baltimore. He was not convicted, however, and soon afterwards, professing religion, he became late a local preacher. In spite of this he still held forth on sin and its consequences, and attracted multitudes to their place of worship, the old Richmond Market-house. But he shortly fell from grace, and it is recorded of him that, having removed to Portsmouth, Va., he went out through the body by a U. S. soldier, the bullet entering in front and passing out at the back. He recovered, but only to fall from a tree and dislocate his left hip, after which he was but the wreck of his former self. He died professing full religious faith, and three hours afterwards the performance was announced for a quartette for a purse of $150 for all ages, and was won by Gillespie & Scully's br. g. Noll, 4 years old, beating Williams & Owing's ch. c. Somerset, 4 yrs., 10lb. being Harding's ch. f. Madeira, 4 yrs.; Grinstead's ch. f. Sophy Budderly, 4 yrs.; Franklin's b. h. Gorlitza, by Lexington, 5 yrs.; and Cheatham's ch. c. Aconite, 4 yrs. In the pool Madeira sold as the first choice, Gorlitza second, and Somerset third. The winner is a Kentucky-bred horse, and his victory over the two Tennessee favorites, Madeira and Gorlitza, excited much enthusiasm among the spectators. The third race was a dash of a mile and a half, for a purse of $200, for horses of all ages. It was won by Grinstead's ch. f. Jean Val Jean, beating Lewis & Co.'s b. h. Joe Johnston. It was a splendid race between Jean Val Jean and Vandalite, the former just managing to win by a very short head in 2:42. He was the first choice in pools before the race, with Arizona, a local favorite, selling close up to him, while Vandalite was hardly dreamt of as a starter. Jean Val Jean repeated his previous day's victory, winning in three heats, and beating Barry's br. c. Surrey, and Alcock's ch. c. Chatterbox, who won the first heat, and was distanced in the last: time, 1:47½, 1:49¼, 1:47¼. Jean Val Jean was such a strong favorite that he was the only one backed in the pools, and Surrey sold for first choice. The third race was a mile-dash for a purse of $150, and was won by Scully's br. g. Noll, beating Durham's b. f. The Nurse (second), Merrill's ch. f. Brittomart, Pryor's gr. h. Veiled Prophet, and Alcock's ch. c. Quiz. Time, 1:49¼. Quits solds in pools for $300: Brittomart, $200; The Nurse, $180; Noll, $110; and Norwood, $50.

The third day's meeting was largely attended, and the sport was excellent. A purse of $250, for all ages, dash of a mile, over hurdles, was the first race, and was won by Turner & Co.'s br. c. Alexander, 3 years old, beating Horne's b. c. Jeanie; Lewis & Co.'s b. c. Chief Engineer; and Funk's b. g. Steve Atchison, in the order named. Time, 2:58¾. Chief Engineer's chance of winning was lost by his unfortunate fall at the last hurdle. The Lillie Bridge Stakes, for green three-year-olds, that had not appeared in public prior to June 1, 1874, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $300 added; mile heats, brought out six starters of the eighteen horses entered. The race was won by Alcock's ch. c. Orphan Girl, beating in two straight heats Turner's b. c. Velocipede, Hitchcock's br. f. Lutetia H. (formerly Mattie Ross), Taylor's ch. f. by Jack Malone, Gordon's ch. c. Valentine, and Lewis & Co.'s b. f. Belle of Australia, who was distanced in the first heat. Time, 1:48¾, 1:49¾. Orphan Girl had, in fine style, won the Vandal Stakes for three-year-olds, $50 each, half forfeit, with $500 added by the Association; mile heats. It was won by John Alcock & Co.'s ch. f. Orphan Girl, carrying 4¾lb overweight (91¾lb), beating Murphy's b. c. Viscount (second); Turner's ch. f. Parallel; Gen. Harding's b. f. Vocalist; Baillie Peyton's ch. f. Summer Rose; Scott's ch. c. King Pynne; and Cheatham's blk. c. Vanderbilt. Summer Rose was a hot favorite in the pool-betting, but, after running second in the first heat, she failed to get a place in the second; Orphan Girl winning both heats cleverly in 1:48¾, 1:49¾. Her victory was enthusiastically cheered by the assemblage, who took a local pride in her triumph, in consequence of her being bred, owned and trained in that locality. The second race was for a purse of $150, for all ages, mile and a half dash, and was won by Williams & Owing's ch. c. Somerset, 4 yrs., 101lb, beating Harding's ch. f. Madeira, 4 yrs.; Grinstead's ch. f. Sophy Budderly, 4 yrs.; Franklin's b. h. Gorlitza, by Lexington, 5 yrs.; and Cheatham's ch. c. Aconite, 4 yrs. In the pool Madeira sold as the first choice, Gorlitza second, and Somerset third. The winner is a Kentucky-bred horse, and his victory over the two Tennessee favorites, Madeira and Gorlitza, excited much enthusiasm among the spectators. The third race was a dash of a mile and a half, for a purse of $200, for horses of all ages. It was won by Grinstead's ch. f. Jean Val Jean, beating Lewis & Co.'s b. h. Joe Johnston. It was a splendid race between Jean Val Jean and Vandalite, the former just managing to win by a very short head in 2:42. He was the first choice in pools before the race, with Arizona, a local favorite, selling close up to him, while Vandalite was hardly dreamt of as a starter. Jean Val Jean repeated his previous day's victory, winning in three heats, and beating Barry's br. c. Surrey, and Alcock's ch. c. Chatterbox, who won the first heat, and was distanced in the last: time, 1:47½, 1:49¼, 1:47¼. Jean Val Jean was such a strong favorite that he was the only one backed in the pools, and Surrey sold for first choice. The third race was a mile-dash for a purse of $150, and was won by Scully's br. g. Noll, beating Durham's b. f. The Nurse (second), Merrill's ch. f. Brittomart, Pryor's gr. h. Veiled Prophet, and Alcock's ch. c. Quiz. Time, 1:49¼. Quits solds in pools for $300: Brittomart, $200; The Nurse, $180; Noll, $110; and Norwood, $50.

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BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA vs. HARTFORD.

The Hartford nine made their first appearance in Philadelphia on the 21st inst., engaging in a game with the Philadelphias. The weather was threatening and chilly, showers falling every few minutes, and preventing a large attendance; but the four or five hundred spectators present witnessed one of the most exciting and best-contested games this season, ten innings being played, for the first time this year, before the question of superiority was decided. The Philadelphias went into the game anticipating a defeat, but determined to make a tough fight, and the sequel will tell that they succeeded admirably. Pabor, who was badly injured in the Boston game the previous Monday, was unable to play, and his place was filled by Radcliff, Holdsworth again resuming his position at third, and Mack at first base. The Hartfords presented their full strength. In consequence of the threatening aspect of the weather, the game was commenced some minutes before the appointed time, the wind blowing almost a hurricane. Each club scored a single in the first inning, Eggler leading off for the Philadelphias with a two-base fair-foul hit, and coming all the way home on a wild throw of Boyd's. Barlow, the first striker for the Hartfords, also made a run after getting first by "blocking" a ball in front of the plate, and then being sent by Pike's good hit to right. In the second inning, the Philadelphias took the lead, Radcliff making a good base-hit, and scoring after two hands were out on Hicks' hit badly muffed by Boyd. The score remained at 2 to 1 in favor of the Philadelphias for the next four innings, the fielding and pitching being very fine. Holdsworth and Fulmer, however, made fine hits, the former being the best of the game—a three-baser to right field; but both were left, along with Radcliff, who had been given a life by Addy's low throw. Addy also made his base by a clean hit, but was easily put out at second by a splendid throw of Hicks', admirably handled by Craver. In the seventh inning the Philadelphias were again retired without scoring, while Stearns scored the tieing run for the Hartfords, after getting to third on three wides—the last ball rolling behind the Philadelphia's pavilion; and he then coming home on Addy's hit, which Craver failed to pick up cleanly. The score now stood 2 to 2, the excitement being intense. The Philadelphias made only one run in the eighth inning, although they had three on the bases before a hand was out; Eggler and Fulmer being given their bases on wide balls, and Holdsworth making a one-base hit. Craver and York, however, were put out by good foul-fly catches of Boyd and Stearns before a man could get in, and then Eggler took advantage of a ball that rolled a short distance behind Hastings, and stole home just in time, as Radcliff popped up to Addy. This placed the Philadelphias one ahead, but the Hartfords had yet to play; and after two men were out, and two men—Barlow and Hastings—on the bases, Pike sent them both home by a good hit to right field, and this gave the Hartfords the lead for the first time in the game. In the ninth inning Mack made his second by a wild throw of Barlow's, but was easily put out at third on Hicks' hit in front of the home plate, by a sharp trick by Hastings, who feigned to throw the ball to first. A wild throw by Hastings, which Pike also allowed to get by him, then allowed Hicks to make a run, and thus tie the score, as the Hartfords were put out in one-two-three order, Cummings making two splendid stops and throws to first base. The tenth inning was then commenced; Fulmer leading off for the Philadelphias with a grounder, which Boyd first muffed and then threw so wildly that Charley trotted around gleefully to third, coming home on Craver's grounder over second. York and Radcliff were then retired; Craver, however, coming home on the latter's out by Pike, although the ball was splendidly thrown home. The Hartfords had now two runs to make in order to tie, but they were unable to get around scoring, although Hastings had made a good base hit—Holdsworth finely fielding out Barlow at first base, and Hicks making two good foul-bound catches. The Philadelphias thus, by superior fielding, got a creditable victory by a score of 6 to 4, their playing being very fine, especially that of Holdsworth at third, Mack at first and Hicks as catcher. Cummings also fielded brilliantly in his position, and pitched well all the effectiveness for which he was so noted a few seasons ago. The Hartfords also played finely in the field, Barlow's short-stopping and Mills' first-base play being most noticeable, while Pike and Stearns played superbly in the outfield. Fisher's pitching was, as usual, very difficult to punish. The following is the score of this exciting contest, which was impartially umpired by McLean to the satisfaction of both players and spectators:

Philadelphia.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	1	2	2	3	0	Barlow, s. s.	1	1	2	1	0
Holdsworth, 3 b	0	2	1	3	0	Hastings, c.	1	2	2	1	0
Fulmer, s. s.	1	1	2	1	0	Mills, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	0
Craver, 2 d b.	1	1	1	0	1	Pike, c. f.	1	0	2	0	0
York, r.	0	0	1	0	0	Stearns, r. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Radcliff, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Fisher, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Mack, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0	Addy, 2 d b.	0	1	5	2	1
Hicks, c.	0	1	8	2	0	Boyd, 3 d b.	0	0	2	3	1
Cummings, p.	0	0	1	6	0	Tipper, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	6	7	30	12	1	Totals	4	7	30	10	5

Philadelphia	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2—6
Hartford	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—4

Runs earned—None. Bases on errors—Philadelphia, 7; Hartford, 3. Bases on wides—Philadelphia, 2; Hartford, 2. Umpire—Mr. McLean of Eureka Club. Time, 2h. 20m.

BOSTON vs. ATLANTIC.

The champions completed their first tour of the season on May 22, when they played their return game with the Atlantic nine on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the presence of about two thousand people—the largest assemblage the Atlantics have had out to see their games this season, they previously having had unfavorable weather. This time, however, the weather was fine; and, as a fine contest was expected, there was a large turnout of spectators. The weak spot on the Atlantic nine this season has been at second base, but in this game Billy West of the Nassaus was elected to fill the position, and he did it so creditably that it no longer requires any further search for a player to occupy it. The champions had to put Leonard at second base, Beals not being in trim. Hall playing at left field and Captain Wright at centre. Owing to the selection of a dead ball, a fine display of the beauties of the game was given by both clubs, and but for a misjudged throw by Ferguson in sending the ball home after two men were out, instead of putting the striker out, the game would have ended with the score of Baltimore 3 to 2. But this error led to the closing of the contest with the figures at 6 to 2 in favor of Boston, the Atlantics thereby keeping the champions down to the next lowest figures of their tour.

The Atlantics went to the bat at 3.30 P. M., and, giving away chances to be thrown out, retired for a blank. The "Reds" (11 no letter, though White made a base-hit; but by West's dropped fly-ball he was forced out, and the next striker gave a chance to Booth and retired. In the second inning West opened with a well-hit fair-foul for two bases. Schafer fielding the ball slowly and after Pierce had popped up one for George Wright, Ferguson earned his base and sent West to third. Clark was then prettily caught by Hall, and then a passed ball on a grounder let in West, the run not being earned, as Booth was thrown out by George Wright. On the other side, Leonard opened with a pretty grounder, and on a muffed ball by Farrow got to first, and then disposed of O'Rourke by an "astonisher," he catching a hot liner handsomely. Harry Wright was then thrown out, but he sent Leonard to third, and on Hall's base-hit Hodes came home, West afterwards throwing out Schafer neatly. This left the score at 1 to 1 unearned runs, and the game in a decidedly interesting position. From this time to the ninth inning the Atlantics failed to add a run to their score, though they were given first-base by errors no less than five times; but they made but one base-hit. In their fourth inning West had his base given him on calls balls, though only six balls were pitched to him, including the first, the umpire frequently calling two balls on three or four delivered. Now, the rule governing the calling of balls—"wides" being entirely distinct—expressly states that balls must be called in the order of every third one of such balls delivered, as not included in the rule, thereby requiring nine to be sent in before a base can be given on called balls. In these innings the "Reds" fielded in fine style, and admirably supported Spalding's effective pitching. In the Boston's third inning, McVey led off with a safe fair-foul, and then Leonard hit a ball to West, who promptly passed it to Pierce at second; but Dick failed to hold it, and McVey had a life given him there. O'Rourke then hit a safe ball to right field, and, as Harry Wright hit another to the same position, McVey came in. Hall then hit to Ferguson, who, first touching third, forced O'Rourke out, and then threw home, but not in time to stop Leonard's run. Schafer then hit to West, who threw him out, and George Wright hit to Pearce with a similar result, one run being earned off the pitching, and two scored. This gave the lead to the Bostons and satisfied the crowd as to the ultimate result of the contest. In the next three innings blanks were scored by the "Reds," though they had the first base given them twice by errors and made two base-hits; but the Atlantics fielded very sharply, nothing being missed in the outfield, and but few balls in the infield; Pearce and West doing yeoman service in their positions. In the eighth inning Leonard gave a chance to West, who threw him out. Then O'Rourke hit to Ferguson, who let the ball glance off him, Harry Wright popped up a hot liner for Pierce to take, and then Hall hit a hot bounder to Bond, who stopped the ball well, but, failing to pick it up in time, a life was given. A passed ball helped each man to a base, and then Schafer hit to Ferguson, and O'Rourke ran home. The former, instead of throwing to first base to put the striker out, threw home to Farrow to capture O'Rourke, forgetting that where two men are out the rule invariably is to put the striker out, thereby cutting off any chance of a run. Being on the line of the base the ball Ferguson threw home struck O'Rourke on the back, and on this a run was scored, and two men each advanced a base, besides which Schafer had a life given him. George Wright now made his first base-hit in the game, then White hit a hot one to Hodes, and as White ran for second he was well put out by Hodes' throw in to Pearce. Before Pearce held the ball, however, both Hall and Schafer had touched the home-plate, and therefore two more unearned runs were scored. This was the only poorly played inning of the game. In the ninth inning, by good base-hits of Pearce and Booth, assisted by a passed ball—White's second—one run was added to the Atlantic score, the final result being the success of the champions by 6 to 2 of scored runs and 1 to 0 of earned runs off the pitching.

This game completes the tour record, which is as follows:

May 13, Boston vs. Hartford, at Hartford	8	to	1
May 14, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	20	to	14
May 15, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	8	to	2
May 18, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	16	to	7
May 19, Boston vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore	3	to	2
May 20, Boston vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	18	to	4
May 22, Boston vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	6	to	2
Totals	79	to	35

Atlantic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Farrow, c.	0	0	1	0	2	G. Wright, s. s.	0	1	1	2	1
Bond, p.	0	0	2	0	0	White, c.	0	1	4	2	1
Dehlman, 1st b.	0	0	13	0	0	Spalding, p.	0	1	0	3	0
W. West, 2 d b.	1	1	2	6	1	McVey, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Pearce, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0	Leonard, 2 d b.	2	1	3	3	0
Ferguson, 3 d b.	0	1	1	1	0	O'Rourke, 1st b.	0	1	7	1	0
Clark, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	H. Wright, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Booth, l. f.	0	2	4	0	0	Hall, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Hodes, r. f.	0	0	1	1	0	Schafer, 3 d b.	0	1	1	2	0
Totals.	2	5	27	14	6	Totals.	6	10	27	14	5

Atlantic.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2
Boston.	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	3	0—6

Runs earned—Atlantic, 0; Boston, 1. First base on errors—Atlantic, 5; Boston, 5. Total wides pitched—By Bond, 12; by Spalding, 7. Umpire—Mr. Swandell. Time, 1h. 40m.

HANDBALL MATCH.—We have received twenty-five dollars from James O'Brien of Chicago, Ill., to cover the deposit put up by Phil Casey for a double-handed match at handball between men to be produced by them. The proposed contest is for $500 a side, and is to consist of twenty-one games, of twenty-one aces each, seven to be played in Brooklyn, a like number in Philadelphia, and the remainder in Chicago, Casey will allow O'Brien to fix the time of playing, and desires the latter to sign and forward articles to him at this office without delay. Phil will not be one of the contestants.

BOSTON vs. ATHLETIC.

These old rivals met for the second time this season in Philadelphia on the 20th inst. Harry Wright was substituted on behalf of the Bostons, both Barnes and Beals being badly injured. The Athletics presented their full strength, Clapp making his reappearance at right-field. It was generally supposed that the Athletics would win, but they played very poorly in the field, as the details will show.

The Athletics lost the toss and went to the bat. Anson was the only man to reach first base, which he did on a clean hit. He was left, however. The Bostons had no better luck, George Wright, after reaching first on called balls, was forced on White's hit to Anson. Sutton opened the second inning with a hot drive past second base, and stole second, where he was left with Clapp, who also accomplished a good hit. The Bostons commenced work in the third, and owing to the very bad play of Sutton, passed balls by McGeary, and failures to stop balls in the outfield by Gedney and Clapp, three runs were put together. The fourth was a good inning for the Athletics, Fisler and Gedney making singles and Sutton a two-base drive, two runs being the harvest. The field then utterly failed to support McBride's pitching. Sutton, McGeary, Fisler and Battin all making misplays before a single hand was put out. Although Schafer made the only clean hit, three runs were scored. In the fifth a two-base hit by Anson and a good clip by Fisler earned a run. The Bostons received a whitewash. The sixth gave the Athletics another blank, while the Bostons, by good batting, scored seven runs. These might have been prevented; Clapp, unfortunately, letting two bounders go by him, while Gedney should by all means have captured flies from Harry Wright and O'Rourke, but he seemed indifferent. A three-base hit by Leonard, upon which two men scored, ended the inning. The Athletics batted well in the seventh inning for three runs, McBride leading off with the best hit of the game, a solid "old-time corker" to left centre, on which Dick easily made his third base. Anson followed with a safe hit, and after Sutton had been missed on the fly by White, who was playing right field in this inning, Battin sent both home and made his second on a fine hit to left field. Hall made two good catches in this inning, and Schafer held a hot liner from Clapp's bat. The Bostons were put out in one-two-three order, Battin putting out Schafer by holding a short liner. McVey and White returned to their old positions in the eighth inning, Gedney led off for the Athletics with a good hit, but was put out at second by a close decision. McGeary's grounder was muffed by George Wright, and then Anson, by a two-baser to left, sent McMullin home. The Reds then added five more unearned runs, three after two hands were out, and after the umpire had given an erroneous decision at the home plate, giving Leonard in. Hall in this inning made a splendid three-base hit, but was left by McMullin taking Schafer on a difficult catch, Battin and Fisler having previously "doubled up" Spalding and McVey. Both failed to score in the last inning, Clapp and White being left after making base-hits for their respective nines. Hall making another fine catch, and Battin and Fisler another neat double play, the final result being the victory of the Bostons by a score of 18 to 7. The Bostons won by their superior fielding and base-running, Hall in the outfield and Schafer in the infield showing by far the best play, while White's batting was the best on their behalf. Of the Athletics, McGeary's catching was excellent, Battin, Fisler, and McMullin also played well in their positions. In batting, Anson took the lead. The umpiring was poor, and caused much dissatisfaction among the spectators. The score:

Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McGeary, c.	0	0	6	1	2	Geo. Wright, s. s.	2	1	1	1	2
McBride, p.	1	2	0	0	1	White, c.	2	4	2	0	2
Anson, 3 d b.	2	4	0	1	0	Spalding, p.	1	2	1	1	0
Fisler, 1st b.	1	2	6	0	1	McVey, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Sutton, s. s.	2	2	1	0	2	Leonard, 2 d b.	2	1	3	2	0
Battin, 2 d b.	0	1	5	4	1	O'Rourke, 1st b.	3	2	9	0	0
Clapp, r. f.	0	2	2	0	0	H. Wright, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gedney, l. f.	0	2	2	0	2	Hall, l. f.	2	1	6	0	0
McMullin, c. f.	1	0	4	0	1	Schafer, 3 d b.	1	2	6	2	0
Totals.	7	15	27	6	12	Total	18	16	27	8	4

Athletic.	0	0	0	2	1	0	3	1	0—7
Boston	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	5	0—18

Runs earned—Athletic, 4. Bases on errors—Athletic, 4; Boston, 9. Double plays—Battin and Fisler, two; Spalding, Leonard and O'Rourke. Bases on wide balls—Boston, 1. Umpire—Mr. Warren White of the Baltimore Club. Time—2h.

ATHLETIC vs. HARTFORD.

The second game of the championship series between the Athletics and Hartfords was played on the afternoon of the 23d of May, on the former's grounds, at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, in the presence of about twelve hundred spectators, the delightful weather and the prospect of seeing another closely-contested game attracting many. The Athletics made a judicious and much-needed change in their striking order, while the Hartfords also strengthened their nine by playing Schaffer, a promising young amateur of Philadelphia, at right field, in the place of Stearns. Charles Fulmer was selected as umpire, and the Hartfords put out a Mahn ball, the game commencing at half-past three o'clock. McMullin commanced for the Athletics with a corker down to the left-fe'd fence, on which he made a clean home-run. Anson was given his base on wide balls, and, as McBride, Fisler and Battin followed with safe one-base hits, four runs were scored. The Hartfords scored three runs on base-hits by Barlow, Pike and Boyd, and a base on wides given Hastings, one only being earned, as McMullin allowed a ball to pass him, and McBride made a wild throw to second. Both were blanked in the second inning, McGeary and Anson making good hits for the Athletics, but being left. Fisler and Mills made base-hits for their respective nines in the third inning, but both failed to score—a pretty line catch by Battin being a feature of the fielding of the Athletics. In the next inning the Athletics batted clean and hard for four more runs, six good hits being made, assisted somewhat by Tipper allowing a couple of balls to pass him at left field. The Hartfords were quickly retired for a blank, Gedney making a pretty catch at left centre. The Athletics added two more runs in their sixth inning, on a base-hit of Clapp's and a mass on strikes by Hastings, who had a very sore hand; the Hartfords were again blanked, Sutton making a very neat stop of Hastings' hot hit. The Athletics were put out in one-two-three order for the first time in the sixth inning, Barnie being substituted for Hastings in the catcher's position. Mills made his base by a safe hit to short right field, but was put out running on a foul hit by Boyd. Clapp and McMullin were given their bases on wide balls, and the former second a run for the Athletics in the seventh inning, while the Hartfords were blanked, although Fisler had led off with a fair-foul hit, that was stopped, and threw well. The Athletics were blanked in the eighth, Schaffer making a pretty running catch, that closed the inning, leaving Anson, who had made his base by a ball to short left field that Boyd and Barlow let fall between them. After the two first strikers of the Hartfords in this inning had been retired, Barnie made a good hit to left field, and was sent home by Pike's slashing two-base hit down to the fence at centre field. McGeary then snapped a fly-tip off Mills' bat, and closed the inning. Sutton and McMullin made fine hits in the last inning of the Athletics, the latter being credited with a three-baser, and another earned run was scored by the Athletics; and the Hartfords being put out in one-two-three order at first base, the Athletics won by a score of 12 to 4. The Athletics outplayed their opponents, McMullin and Fisler doing the best batting, and the latter playing superbly at first base. Pike's fielding and batting were the most noticeable features of the general good play of the Hartfords. The score:

Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0	Barlow, s. s.	1	1	2	1	0
McGeary, c.	0	2	4	0	0	Hastings, c.	0	2	2	1	0
Anson, 3 d b.	2	2	0	0	1	Pike, c. f.	1	2	7	1	0
McBride, p.	1	1	1	3	0	Mills, 1st b.	0	2	9	0	0
Fisler, 1st b.	3	3	10	2	0	Fisher, p.	0	1	1	4	0
Battin, 2 d b.	0	2	4	4	0	Boyd, 3 d b.	1	1	1	0	0
Sutton, s. s.	1	1	0	2	0	Addy, 2 d b.	0	0	2	5	0
Clapp, r. f.	1	1	3	0	0	Schaffer, r. f.	0	0	4	0	0
Gedney, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0	Tipper, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	11	16	27	11	0	Totals.	4	8	27	12	2

Athletic.	4	0	0	4	2	0	2	0	1—12
Hartford	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—4

Runs earned—Athletic, 7; Hartford, 2. Bases on errors—Athletic, 2; Hartford, 0. Bases on wides—Athletic, 3; Hartford, 1. Umpire—Charles Fulmer of the Philadelphia Club. Time, 2h. 15m.

ATLANTIC vs. BOSTON.
An Old-Time Atlantic Victory.

The old Atlantic Club, the first to break in upon the victorious career of the famous Red Stockings of Cincinnati, in 1870, and who also gave the Boston Reds some of the closest fights of last season, achieved the most noteworthy triumph of the season, thus far, in being the first club to check the onward march of the champions to an unbroken record of victories. The "Reds," on their recent tour, found it difficult to beat the Atlantics by scores of 8 to 2 and 6 to 2, the "Magentas" playing them very sharply in both games. In fact, Harry Wright always has had a wholesome dread of "those Atlantic fellows," and now it has been shown that he was correct in his estimate of their ability. After playing together in Brooklyn, the two teams went together to Boston, the "Reds" entering the "Hub" like ancient Athenians—conquerors bringing their trophies and prisoners with them.

On Saturday, May 23, the conquering "Reds" entered their field amidst loud applause from the three thousand spectators gathered to welcome them upon their return; and as Ferguson trotted out his "pony team," they too were well received, the Bostonians knowing that the Atlantics have always been a nine to show them a good display of ball-playing. The game opened with the "Reds" at the bat, and they gave pretty chance for outs off Bond's pitching, and were duly retired for a blank. The Atlantics now faced Spalding; and whether the latter temporarily lost control of the ball, or forgot his usual effective delivery, the fact is that the Atlantics opened on him in a way he despised, and, getting one of their old streaks, they actually punished "Al" for eight first-base hits and five earned runs, seven runs being scored. Here was a lead with a vengeance! The result was that the "Reds" saw that one of the hardest up-hill fights that they had ever entered upon was before them, and they pluckily went to work to recover their lost vantage-ground. For four innings they tried their best to get in a run, but it was no go. The Atlantics are not a nine to allow even the champions to win a game from them after they themselves have opened with a lead of 7 to 0. It is true the "Reds" beat the Mutuals after closing the third inning with the score of 6 to 0, but the present Atlantic nine is one which is working together better than any other team of the club has done for the past six years; and with such earnest efforts as they put forth in this game, no club living could have won after such a lead against them. In the sixth inning the Reds got a single, but "Ponics" offset it with two, after which the Reds "saw them" for 2 and then called the game; and as the Atlantics held the best hand this time, they came in victors by a score of 9 to 3. Only four base-hits were made by the champions off Bond's pitching, and but one earned run, the Atlantics scoring but seven base-hits in the last eight innings off their new onslaught, and pitching up to his best mark. The victory was an astonishing one to all concerned, and a result that will add greatly to the interest of the coming games of the Atlantic Club. The score:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Atlantic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s.	1	1	1	4	1	Farrow, c.	1	3	1	0	
White, c.	0	0	8	0		Bond, p.	1	2	0	5	
Spalding, p.	0	1	0	3		Dehlman, 1st b.	1	1	21	0	
McVey, r. f.	0	0	2	0		West, 2 d b.	1	1	2	2	
Leonard, 2 d b.	1	0	2	2		Pearce, s. s.	1	2	0	6	
O'Rourke, 1st b.	1	0	8	0		Ferguson, 3 d b.	1	1	0	4	
Beals, 2 d b.	0	1	2	2		Clark, r. f.	0	0	2	0	
Hall, l. f.	0	1	0	0		Booth, l. f.	0	0	1	0	
Schafer, 3 d b.	0	0	1	2		Hodes, r. f.	0	2	2	0	
Totals.	3	4	27	8		Totals.	9	15	27	17	

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0—3
Atlantic	7	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—9

First bases on errors—Boston, 3; Atlantic, 2. Total errors—Boston, 6; Atlantic, 8. Wides—Spalding, 3; Bond, 2. Foul flies—White 8, Dehlman 1, Bond 1. Umpire—Mr. Barnes of the Boston Club. Time—1h. 30m.

NINES composed respectively of attaches of the Grand Central Variety Theatre and Fox's American Theatre played a game at Philadelphia May 21, the first-named scoring 32 to 17.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP of Massachusetts was contended for by the Howards of Brockton and the Live Oaks of Lynn, at Boston, May 22. The latter came out first-best; score, 20 to 5.

BOSTON vs. BALTIMORE.

Such bad luck had the Baltimore nine met with during their recent tour eastward, that scarcely more than five hundred persons manifested sufficient interest in the third championship game between said club and the Bostons to visit Newington Park, in the City of Monumentis, on Tuesday afternoon, May 19. An easy victory for the Reds was considered certain, but the opposite proved the case, the contest being one of the closest and most exciting ever witnessed upon those grounds. Admirable fielding and steady, careful general play upon both sides made run-getting extremely difficult, and kept the score down to very small figures, the favorites having all they could do to pull through with a majority of one. The Bostons opened play at 3.30, but were retired in one-two-three order, as were the home players in their first inning. A hit of Schafer's to left field enabled Beals to get around the diamond, marking down one run for the Reds in the second inning, while in the following turn at the bat they scored two more, after Spalding had been caught out on a fly to Smith. Harry Wright reached first, and was brought in by Leonard's fine hit, the batsman getting to second, and afterwards home on O'Rourke's corker to centre-field. Beals then flied out to Warren, and Hall was put out by the latter's throw to Gould. Up to this time the Baltimores were ciphered, and a similar fate was theirs in the two succeeding innings, in both of which the Massachusetts team were also treated to goose-fruit; nor did the visitors do better thereafter, each inning to the close being a blank. On the other hand, the play of the Baltimores became more effective, and in the sixth inning their efforts to achieve success were partially rewarded by a single mark, Deane accidentally knocking down Beals while running to second, and Warren going from said base home. To this another was added in the seventh inning, Brainard going around on a hit by Bielaski to left field. The hopes of the Baltimorians were now considerably raised, and much excitement prevailed among the spectators; but the remaining innings failed to yield anything, the game closing with a score of 3 to 2 in favor of the Red Legs. In the final inning Manning and Ryan only made the only double-play during the afternoon, White being put out at first and G. Wright at second. Underneath is the score:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Baltimore.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0	Warren, 3 d b.	0	1	2	4	0
White, c.	0	0	4	1	0	Deane, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Spalding, p.	0	1	1	1	0	Gould, 1st b.	0	0	15	0	0
Hall, r. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Brainard, p.	0	1	1	1	2
Schafer, 3 d b.	0	0	1	2	0	Bielaski, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Beals, 2 d b.	1	1	2	1	0	Smith, s. s.	0	1	2	1	0
Hall, r. f.	0	0	3	0	0	Manning, 2 d b.	0	0	3	7	0
Schafer, 3 d b.	0	0	1	2	2	Ryan, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Totals.	3	11	27	10		Totals.	2	5	27	15	

Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0—3
Baltimore	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—2

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Baltimore, 1. Bases on errors—Boston, 2; Baltimore, 5. Umpire—W. Warren of Washington, D. C. Time—1h. 45m.

FLYAWAY vs. ROSE HILL.

The contest between the city champion Flyaways and the students of St. John's College, which took place on the College Grounds on May 19, afforded an illustration of the impracticableness of amateur clubs playing under other rules than those of the professional code. Here were two first-class amateur teams, fully competent to play a first-class game, who met on a fine day, and with an excellent field to play on, and yet, in consequence of the absence of any fixed code of rules for their guidance, and the consequent failure of the umpire to properly discharge his duties, the contest became long, tedious, and, to a great extent, uninteresting. It attracted a large crowd of spectators, and up to the fourth inning it was closely contested; but the play of the fourth inning gave the Flyaways such a lead—11 to 4—that afterwards it ceased to be interesting. At the close of the eighth inning the score stood at 27 to 14 in favor of the Flyaways, at this time the Flyaways had either to leave to catch the last train, or to play and lose it. Though the Rose Hills could have detained them, or claimed the game by forfeit if the Flyaways had refused to play further, they courteously allowed the visitors to leave, thereby securing a better victory than any score could have given them.

The College nine is a good one in every position, and especially strong behind the bat and at third base. If there is a weak spot, it is in the pitcher's position, and that only in a lack of command of the ball. The Rose Hills always have had a penchant for speed in this position, and as yet they have not learned that mere pitching is worse than useless without the essential accompaniment of command of the ball. This Mr. Murphy has not, or had not in this game, and hence the weakness. Purroy showed marked improvement in his play, and sound sense in taking well-meant advice. With good umpiring, eight or nine innings would have retired on strikes. The umpire lacked the essentials of an umpire except in trying to be impartial, but, then, he had no rules to guide him. McDermott led in the fielding of the Rose Hills, and Loughlin on the part of the Flyaways, who all played well, Knowdell's catching being excellent. In batting, Costello took the lead of the College nine, and Shandley on the other side. The hurry to catch the train prevented the Flyaways from being recipients of the usual hospitalities extended by the Rose Hill gentlemen to their guests. We should like to see these two nines play together under the regular code, and with a professional umpire. The score:

Rose Hill.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Flyaway.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McDermott, 3 d b	0	0	3	5	2	Loughlin, 2 d b.	4	4	3	4	4
Costello, s. s.	3	3	1	2	3	Malone, 3 d b.	2	0	2	3	0
Ryan, 2 d b.	2	0	4	2	2	McGee, c. f.	3	1	2	0	1
Dando, c.	1	1	6	0	10	Shanley, r. f.	4	5	2	1	0
Haffin, 1st b.	2	2	7	0	2	Shevlin, s. s.	2	2	0	3	3
O'Brien, l. f.	2	1	1	0	1	Knowdell, c.	3	2	5	0	3
Murphy, p.	1	0	0	1	5	Antone, 1st b.	3	5	6	0	0
McQuade, c. f.	2	1	2	0	0	Jolly, l. f.	5	5	3	1	2
Coghlin, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Purroy, p.	1	3	1	0	0
Totals.	14	10	24	10	25	Totals.	27	27	24	9	15

Rose Hill.	2	0	1	1	1	0	7	2—14
Flyaway.	4	0	1	0	8	0	2	0—15

Runs earned—Rose Hill, 3; Flyaway, 7. First base by errors—Rose Hill, 13; Flyaway, 11. Total wides pitched—Murphy, 49; Purray, 23; Malone, 3. Umpire, Mr. Dillon of the Confidence Club. Time, 2h. 40m.

The tree at left field is outside the foul-ball lines, and all balls hitting the trunk on the fly should be declared foul. The ground is one requiring special rules to govern it.

MUTUAL vs. CHICAGO.

During the past week two games were played at Chicago, Ill., between the Mutuals of New York and the White Stocking nine, in each of which the White Stockings were obliged to strike their colors to the men in green, though they fought manfully to turn the tide in their favor. The games, which were witnessed by about five thousand persons, were played respectively on the 21st and 23d inst., and underneath we present the scores, our regular detailed reports having failed to connect in season. In the eighth inning of the second game Hatfield is said to have made the most brilliant catch ever witnessed in that section. The scores follow:

Whites.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, l. f.	2	1	1	0	1	Higham, r. f.	1	4	0	1	0
Force, s. s.	1	1	2	3	1	Lennon, s. s.	0	1	1	2	0
Malone, c.	1	2	3	1	5	Start, 1st b.	1	1	7	0	0
Meyerle

DEATH OF TOM COLLINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Go, spread the glad tidings! Let victims rejoice!
The notorious Tom Collins is dead!
No more will he heard the sound of his voice
As in parlance so copious, palaver so choice,
He asserted enormities dread.

"Who was he?" "Describe him!" Poor, ignorant soul,
Exult that your character's saved;
Be assured his desire was not to extol,
Rest content that your name knew not his control,
Now you, too, would have stormed and have raved.

Of vile ones, the vilest; his venomous tongue
For months knew no season of rest;
He scattered his scandal 'midst old ones and young,
And even at virtue his darts has he flung,
This infamous, villainous pest.

What terrible searches to find his retreat,
As we hither and thither were sent;
How earnest we sought to discover this "beat,"
To dare him at sight his assertions repeat,
And chastise the *unleveled*.

But all, all in vain; no respite from woe,
Till relief came from Kavi the Brave—
No more will we heed the tales of *Tom Roe*,
Nor list to the lies of the moustached bravo,
Who slumbers, thank Fate! in his grave. J. A. L.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"MY FRIEND, THE BROTHER OF MY LOVE."

As may have been seen, Miss Kate Delmayne was a young lady not easily turned from anything on which she had once set her mind. Her perseverance in this case, however, met with no success. Percy White did indeed call on Mr. Leyburn; but to his great satisfaction found that gentleman "not at home;" and not possessing the mature dignity of a card, contented himself with entrusting his name to the precarious memory of a porter, and returned to his employer in a high state of innocent glee at his failure.

She controlled her feelings and told him, with fairly disguised anger glittering in her pretty eyes, that he must call again in a day or so, "since he hadn't left a card."

"Haven't got any," replied Percy, flicking his legs cheerfully with a slender black reed—by courtesy a cane; but which, even if devoted to the serviceable purpose of "welt-raising," was hardly strong enough to produce more than one very feeble plant of that interesting order. Perhaps botany, even as connected with the grafting of welts on palms, was not interesting to Master White. Kitty, on the contrary, looked at him with decided botanical fervor, and answered shortly:

"I will write your name and address on some blank ones. It looks so absurdly childish not to have a card—so ungentlemanly, too."

"All right," said Percy, turning the attentions of his cane to the nearest pieces of furniture in lieu of his legs. "But I don't know what use they'll be to me, Miss Kate."

"To leave on your brother's friend, you little stupid. How else can he come and see you?"

"Oh, lord !" cried Percy, cracking the cane behind his back, "I hope he won't. I don't know how to talk to people."

"We might assist your conversational powers," quoth Kitty, with a little sneer, which Master Percy was not keen enough to perceive.

He looked up reassuringly.

"Oh, I forgot. There isn't much fear of his turning up, after all. The porter told me they all left to-morrow morning early. That's all right. Ho! I'm so glad," and he departed, whistling "I'm such a bashful man," and displaying his legs till Kitty could have shaken him within an inch of his life.

And yet her hopes had not been groundless. The Gores, indeed, left on the morrow—a week earlier than they had intended; but Jack Leyburn remained behind.

I am going to tell you why.

About an hour previous to Percy's futile call, Lady Gore received a telegram from Scotland containing these words:

"Sir Henry Gore, Strathgyle Lodge, Ayrshire, to Lady Gore, Queen's Hotel, Hastings.—Taken very bad with one of the old attacks. Join me with Clifton at your earliest convenience."

Needless to say, Lady Gore was thrown into a terrible state of anxiety at once. At the mildest showing, Sir Henry had been a careless, if not actually unfaithful husband—indifferent, at which in late years had degenerated into easy indifference; but as it is a well-known fact that the best-loved husbands have often been the least deserving, and that no ill-treatment can kill some women's affection "for the men whose name they bear," so Lady Gore continued to worship the member for Dumfries with true wifely fidelity, and, despite the ill-health which made Scottish air too keen for her, would gladly have accompanied her husband to the shooting lodge which he rented in conjunction with Lord Amberley, had he not himself suggested that she should go to St. Leonard's instead.

"You see, I've asked Clifton to go to Strathgyle with Amberley," Sir Henry observed, in the light, careless manner which Clifton had inherited from him. "Perhaps another fellow may come too; so I had better write you to meet me in London on the day we go to the Fonsonbys. You were comfortable at the Queen's last year, were you? I'm sure you were. Clifton will join you on his return from the Continent."

"Of course he will," Lady Gore answered quietly. As if it were likely her darling would let her remain alone at the seaside when he was in England! The love between this mother and son was wonderful. Indeed, Lady Gore's thinking that the only son of her boy with all that idolatry of affection which Sir Henry no longer cared to invite on his own behoof. "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a."

On receipt of this telegram, however, the wife's conjugal felicitude rose at once to ferment pitch. Some years ago, Sir Henry had been subjected to severe attacks, which, though not immediately dangerous, had been attended with sufficient risk to make his family dread their recurrence; and Lady Gore no sooner heard that this was a bad one of the sort than she became wild to see him at once.

"Couldn't we go to-night, dear? I should like to start immediately, dear," she kept saying, as she moved about the room in a nervous, restless way, busying herself with collecting some of their little ornaments and knick-knacks together. Clifton put his arms round her, and pressed her gently into her armchair.

"Now, mother darling, you sit down and be good. It's no use thinking of going to-night. Even if you managed—which you couldn't—to reach London in time to catch the night mail for Scotland, you would be dead before you got to Strathgyle. No, no, just you trust to me, and we will start by the eight o'clock train to-morrow morning. I'm sure you're going before; and you'll have had your night's rest by then."

Lady Gore smiled at the idea of rest.

"He may be very ill, dear. I shall be far too anxious to sleep."

"Then you will be very wrong, little mother, when you know that in all probability he'll be all right again by the time you get there."

"Ah, you have never seen him in one of these attacks, Clif."

"I've seen him the day after, and he looked as right as a trivet. By the way, mother, can you tell me—purely as a matter of curiosity, you know—why trivets are always right, and whether there is no possibility of their ever being wrong?"

Lady Gore smiled, which was exactly what Clifton wanted, for he immediately rewarded her with a kiss.

"Now you look pretty, mother mine. I don't like you as well when you're anxious. Indeed, I think if were always to wear a wrinkled brow, like old Miss Leyburn, I should begin to fall in love with someone else."

"Silly boy. When are you not in love? I hope my little friend Enid has not inherited her aunt's frown."

"Enid?" Clifton almost shouted, his face flushing scarlet at the idea. "Of course not. Why, she is as different as—as light from darkness, and— Hallo, here's Jack the Giant!"

Jack came in fresh from a bath, his head still damp, and his whole person so redolent of sunshine and salt water that Clifton informed him that it was as good as a dip in the briny to look at him.

"A sort of homœopathic plunge, you know."

Lady Gore's countenance fell. She had, indeed, forgotten their guest's existence; and now, calling him to her, began to tell him in a pretty, pathetic way of the sudden need for their departure; and to express her great regret that, being so serious a matter as illness, it must necessarily deprive her of the remainder of Jack's visit.

"And we were enjoying ourselves together so much, were we not?" she said wistfully. "I had quite counted on coaxing you to stay over the fortnight; and now you can't think how disappointed I am, Jack. As for Clifton, I feel positively guilty at having to carry him off to look after the old woman, and also rob him also of his friend. He will pretend to forgive me; but," shaking her head with a little, pretty, impish movement, "I doubt he'll be thinking all the time that the mother might have managed with her maid. You must promise me, Jack, to let us see a great deal of you when we are at Erdley in February."

How much there is a pretty manner! Makes little as you like of small courtesies, they will always obtain their full value even in this rough-and-ready, shouldering age. A few words said in a simple, graceful way —what were they? And yet they had entirely relieved Jack from the possible idea that his presence and visit could not have been taken into full consideration; and had deeply gratified him, into the bargain, with the belief that the Gores would feel the parting from him as much as, if not more than, himself.

And yet Lady Gore had in truth forgotten him wholly and entirely until his entrance into the room made her shiver with the idea that here was another complication which might possibly delay her departure in the morning.

How horribly insincere!

Not at all, my dear madam. Why should there be any insincerity in the matter? Every word that Lady Gore said was true. If it was also true that she was thinking far more of her husband's illness, and of her desire to get away from him, than of any pleasure that her guest's visit might afford her, surely in duty necessity was there for telling him so, or for making him uncomfortable by harping on her anxiety to start, or her fear lest anything should delay them?

To some people—a few—it comes as natural to say the right thing at the right moment, and avoid saying the wrong thing at the wrong moment, as it does to the generality to act on the reverse method; and the majority revenge themselves on the, in consequence, too popular few by calling them—insincere.

Quite a mistake, my worthy friends. The people you condemn are, in fact—and whether intentionally or not—carrying out the Bible precept which not only says "be courteous," but when extolling charity as the greatest of all virtues, singles out courtesy as one of its particular characteristics. The truth is, your very sincere people are apt to be rather one-sided in their ultra-morality; as, for instance, you will often hear them informing a poor relative that her bonnet or gown is hideous, unbecoming, and in bad style:

"Not that I should like to hurt your feelings, you know, dear; but one *must* be honest before all, and in my opinion your bonnet is," etc.

Or else they will observe to someone else:

"Have you seen Mrs. B.'s baby? She is so ridiculously proud of the poor little thing, and really you never saw such an object. I felt quite sorry to pain her; but one *must* speak the truth. You know my motto, sincerity above everything; and I felt obliged to tell her that in my opinion the child's nose was crooked, and that it had a decided shade of red in its hair."

Ah, me! the temptation I always feel to address these Christians with:

"And, pray, what necessity had you for making an observation which you knew would give pain? Mrs. A.'s bonnet may be ugly, but the face inside it is. charming, and so is the pretty mantle which covers the ill-made gown. Why didn't your love of candor oblige you to remark on either of these facts? Dislike to pay compliments. Fear of making a fellow-creature vain? Rubbish and humbug, madam! Your baby squints; and Mrs. B.'s has the loveliest blue eyes imaginable. Why didn't the obligation of 'sincerity above all' lead you to please her by observing on a fact patent to all, instead of pointing out one which she might never have seen? Not necessary! Then why say anything? Is it less necessary to avoid giving pain, than paying compliments?"

Go to, go to, ye whited Pharisees! In nine cases out of ten, sincerity is only another word for ill-breeding, and truth for temper.

I would to God that things were oftener called by their right names in this world!

Jack at once declared that he wouldn't have had Clifton stay for the world. He wouldn't have stayed for the best friend living—not even for Clif—at which that young gentleman made him a low and mocking bow—if his old governor was ill and wanted him. Could he help to pack; or might he go and get the tickets for them?

Lady Gore thanked him, and said her maid could do the packing. If he and Clifton liked to go and take the tickets, she would be very grateful. They were dear, willing fellows; but they must not tire themselves out in her service. Suppose they went for a walk before tea, and took the tickets en route. She did not add that she was longing to get rid of them for a little while, that she might have a regular woman's cry over the telegram, that mute witness to her husband's suffering. Again, you see, insincere!

Jack and Clifton set off at a long, swinging trot which soon carried them past the Cross and up the narrower streets towards the railway station; whence, having taken the tickets and dispatched an answering telegram to Sir Harry, informing him of the time at which he might expect his family, they started off for a walk past the Castle, and over the east hill.

"Our last march, old fellow," Clifton said quite sorrowfully. "What a horrid bore it is!"

"Perhaps you will find him better," replied Jack consolingly.

"Him? Oh, yes, I dare say."

Clifton was not thinking of Sir Henry, but of Jack; and, meeting the latter's inquiring look, burst out frankly:

"You're setting me down as awfully unfeeling, old fellow; but the governor has had these takings before, and they're not dangerous. I'm sorry for him, of course; but I'm a deal more sorry for the little mother. He will be all right to-morrow evening, I dare say; but the hurried journey and agitation are sure to lay her up for a week. She's not strong enough for worries of any sort."

"It was selfish for Sir Henry to send for her, then," said Jack in his downright way. "That is, if his illness is really nothing."

"Oh, it's everything to her, you know. He does suffer, and then—she loves him."

"I say, Clif," Jack broke in, not overpolitely, "you mayn't mean it, but you talk as if you didn't care. I'm not a sentimental fellow myself, but if my governor were ill —"

"I know, Jack, I know," Clifton answered gravely, and with the sweet look in his eyes which always disarmed his mentors. "I think one of the jolliest things about your place is the way you and your father hang together. He's got the name of being no end of a Tartar, but I vow he's more like a real good friend than a 'stern parient' with you."

"So he is," said Jack, his honest red face broadening into a complacent grin. "He's a brick, is my old governor: and I don't mind telling you, Clif, it sometimes goes against me the way in which you fight shy of yours."

"I do fights shy of me," Clifton answered, with an involuntary sigh at the difference between his feeling towards his father and Jack's. "But I know what you mean; and you're right, old chap. Sir Henry and I don't fit. I wish we did. I'd give a great deal to be as easy and pleasant with him as you are with Mr. Leyburn."

"Why the dence can't you, then ?" asked Jack.

"Because he won't let me, and never would. I'm not a son to him—only an heir and a reminder to people that he isn't as young as he used to be—two things which require two lines of duty from me. First, that I shall live within my income, and marry a woman of suitable rank and fortune—money's indispensable, Jack; for Sir Henry don't want to spare more than he can help, and won't let me earn a living for myself. And secondly, that I shall not trouble him with my company in the society and haunts of the young man about town. There, that's the way of it. Besides"—Clifton paused a moment, and the mellow voice grew graver still—"I wouldn't say it to anyone but you, but the fact is he don't treat the mother properly, and I can't stand it. Oh, I don't mean that he beats her, or anything of that sort; but he hurts her dear, kind heart just as much by— I say, though, she wouldn't like me to be talking this way."

"Then shut up," said Jack decidedly.

"You're right, I will."

And the two friends, who understood each other so well, walked on in arm-in-arm in silence. They were nearing the crest of the hill now, and over the rounded swell of the sea came sweeping a cool, soft breeze, lifting the hair off their flushed faces, and rumpling the long ridges of purple heather and honey-scented furze which flushed the downward slopes of hill and dale, merging in the distance in the wood valley below. Above, the sky was all gold and crimson, with here and there on the western horizon a vivid streak of scarlet flame. Even the waves were stained a ruddy violet, and over the town and valley hung a white, pearly haze like a bridal veil, sign of the past sultriness of the day. Jack spoke first, as if in consolation.

"After all, we are equal. You've your mother, and I've the governor. *You've* no call to complain, Clif. I only wish the river air agreed with her, that she might live more at Erdley. It would be jolly for Enid to have your mother for a friend."

"It is not her health so much as that Sir Henry dislikes the Hall," said Clifton. "She wants—that is, if Enid will—to ask her to stay with us in the Spring. She was always very fond of your sister, you know, Jack, and—and then—Clifton's face in dusky red during this speech—"the mother isn't one to take a fancy to every girl."

"Unlike her son, then," said Jack brutally.

"That is different altogether. Anyone who had ever known your sister well couldn't help—I say, Jack, what a lucky fellow you are! I don't suppose there's another man in England with quite such a girl in his house, so bright and yet so—so good."

This was plain speaking enough when taken in conjunction with Clifton's sparkling eyes and earnest manner; but nothing could be more unconscious than Jack's matter-of-fact:

"Enid? Oh, yes, she's a very good sort of girl. I'm glad you got on well with her; but oh, she always is good-tempered with everyone. I will say that for her."

Which was not flattering to Clifton, who had rather tried to fancy that his good treatment was exceptional. Unlike Merle, however, small mortifications never ruffled the sweetness of this young fellow's temper; and when he next spoke his voice was as good-humored as ever.

"I say, Jack, give a dog his due. We are saying good-bye to-morrow. Now, *have* you had to row me about a single spoon since we've been here?"

"Why, I don't think I have," said Jack deliberately. "Let me, see — we have been here a week. Hem !"

"Oh, you needn't chaff, old fellow. It would have been all the same if it had been ten. On my honor, Jack," and Clifton meant it, "I am going to turn over a new leaf, and cop you."

"Are you?" said Jack skeptically; and Clifton's leadings towards a confidence were chilled.

"After all, it's better not to speak too soon," he thought. "Jack's right. What's a week? Why, a year's probation wouldn't make me half worthy of her. Such a rattle-pated fellow as I am. Heigho ! I wonder if she could ever care about me. We could live at the Hall all the year round, except a couple of months in the season. I *should* like to show her a London season, the beautiful darling. Fancy riding with her in the park at her side! How proud I would envy me. And yet I'd rather see her sweet face at home—all one's own—as none of those hackneyed girls one meets everywhere in Belgravia could ever be—with her dear, honest eyes Hallo ! Jack ! for God's sake, take care !"

For Jack, absorbed in his own thoughts, had walked across the cliffs between Hastings and Fairlight must remember what a gashed and broken appearance they present in many places: huge fragments of earth and rock lying on the beach where they have fallen from the giddy heights above; while black boards, erected every here and there along the summit of the cliffs, warn visitors and wayfarers against approaching too near to the edge of the crumbling soil, which, if viewed from below, looks in many places as if it only needed a touch to send down fresh avalanches on the beach, already rendered almost impassable in some parts by the masses which have fallen from time to time.

This dilapidation of Nature is inconvenient at all times. It went farther, and almost put the Leyburn envelopes into mourning borders—*i. e.*, Clifton, wrapt in his lover's musings, lingered behind. Jack, in love with the sea, pressed forward.

Of course he didn't look at the board, though one stood staring at him within half a dozen yards. Instead, he planted his great, heavy weight on a point of sandy turf, already almost separated from the cliff by a gaping crack nearly two feet deep; and sticking his hands in his pockets, grinned delightedly at the surprise awaiting below. The crack slowly opened its mouth, and grinned anxiously at him. Clifton saw the danger—uttered a frantic shout, and, springing forward, grasped Jack by the shoulders, dragging him backwards; whereupon Mr. Leyburn, disturbed from his amorous enjoyment by a sudden, terrible shock, put his foot on an unmannerly clutch at the back of his neck, swung round on his heel, and, shooting out a big fist like a knuckle of beef, knocked his assailant down. The crack grinned once more—a ghastly, derisive smile—and disappeared amid a great rumble and clatter, which extended all down the side of the cliff, and ended in a sullen thud upon the shingle below.

Voila tout!

Clifton had saved Jack's life, and Jack had knocked him down for it. Such is the way of the world. But now the scene changed. Jack, standing within half a yard of the gulf beneath, and awakening to the knowledge that Life and Death had just struggled for him, and that Life had won, began to tremble and look pale. Clifton, staggering on to his feet, his clothes covered with dust, and the yellow curls blowing about his hatless head, burst into uncontrollable peals of laughter, which only redoubled in mirth at the sight of Jack's awe-struck face.

A casual observer passing by would have wondered what on earth these two young men had been up to.

And the purpled waves rippled and laughed below, and rushed up in little shining rings to see what new present the generous cliffs had flung them from above. Little would they have cared if that present had been a human body.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PROMISING YOUTH.—A Sacramento gentleman lately saw a little boy leaning against a post in the eastern portion of the city, puffing energetically at a full-grown cigar, and succeeding in drawing from it quite a volume of smoke. He felt such evident interest in the job he had undertaken, that the citizen concluded to interview him, and, accordingly, drawing a cigar from his pocket, went up and asked for a light. The boy acceded to the request with an assumption of manly courtesy, which he probably had studied carefully, and seemed to feel gratified at attracting attention. Then ensued the following conversation: "Well, young man, where do you buy your cigars?" "I buy 'em down-town; pay ten cents apiece for 'em." "Do you buy many at a time?" "No, not many; I buy one at a time most oftenest." "Does your father know you smoke?" "Oh, yes." "How old are you?" "Six years." "And how long since you learned to smoke?" "About five years, I guess."

A STRANGE MOUSE NEST.—It was recently stated that the remains of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, have been discovered in the parish church, at Whitchurch, Shropshire, England. It was this Talbot who is one of the dramatic persons in Shakespeare's play of "Henry VI." "The great Alcides of the field, valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, Great Marshal to Henry VI., of all his wars within the realm of France." On examining the skull it was found to be filled with some substance which, on closer inspection, proved to be the nest of a mouse, containing a litter of three young ones. The mouse had found its way into the interior of the skull through the hole made by the battleaxe which slew the stout old warrior.

HOW SHE LOVED HIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He stood 'neath the maiden's lattice,
He jauntily threw her a kiss;
He touched his guitar, and he sang to her
Something like this:

"The moon on the mountain is shining,
The ripples dance over the sea,
The night-wind is cooing and calling,
And I love thee.

"One smile for the one who adores you,
Whose soul is aglow and on fire;
One word from those lips, I implore you,
Or I expire."

And the maiden she woke and she wondered
What the devil it all was about;
She took from the washstand the pitcher
And just tossed it out.

And it struck on the nose of her lover—
Yes, just on the tip of his beak—
And his eyes they were black and were blue for
More than a week.

The fire was quenched in a moment,
And all this conceited young clam
Remarked, as he aped to his lodgings,
Was simply "Oh, damn!"

J. H. B.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY FREDERICK S. MILLS.

I was sojourning in the Summer at a country village. It matters little where said village was situate, or the name by which it was known. It was one of those pleasant little villages which are so often repeated upon the earth's surface—surrounded by fertile hills and gently undulating valleys, which bear no trace of anxious time, but year by year are fresh and green and pure. One of those peaceful little places where Nature seems to rest from her choicest labor, and to send forth joyful messages (in the birds) with invitations to mankind at large to join them in their shades and solitudes, and leave, for a time at least, all thought of care and strife and labor, and live a series of calm, unwearying years in one brief Summer's holiday.

Recuperating myself at the village inn, which overlooked the valley and the distant hills, until the prospect gradually melted into the clouds, and the unfamiliar eye could barely recognize which part of the distant view was earth and which was sky, so near akin they seemed, I came to wonder, in a dreamy way, if this were not something nearer to Heaven than the struggling city I had left behind. Here were delicate flowers breathing an atmosphere of joy in the little garden-patch—plants which entered into friendly competition in a lively race along a southern wall, entwining their foliage, each to increase its progress by the others' help—the twittering of many birds in full enjoyment of their paradise, and rejoicing in the quaint seclusion of the place—even the creaking of the rustic sign which told of "good accommodation for man and beast" had an unmistakable charm about it as it swayed gently to and fro at the will of the cool, refreshing breeze that played outside, stealing a delicious fragrance from the willing flowers.

Mine host and hostess were a comely pair, and I envied them their quiet happiness and their snug retreat, nor was it an offense to tell them how much I longed to rob them of all their right and title to the inn and the cozy premises that belonged thereto. They told me of a lifetime spent there, and of the many changes they had seen; and spoke of Tom and Bob and Jean, who were of a past generation of villagers, who used the house, as if it was only yesterday they sat in the little parlor full of the sober adventure of a genial rural life.

"Aye, those were the times, sir," mused the hale old innkeeper, shaking his head in a dubious way, "when the Trevors owned most of the property hereabouts, and the Brushfields lived on the hill yonder in that deserted mansion you can just catch a glimpse of from the window."

"I noticed it in my rambles yesterday," I said. "It seems to be partly in ruins, as from some disastrous fire. How is it the house was not restored ? Has it no owner?"

"No living owner," replied the landlord seriously. "It was dying ago given over to the *dead*."

"What on earth do you mean ?"

"They say the place is haunted, sir," he said. "I do not know—for my own part, I should think the poor creature had enough trouble in her lifetime there without returning after death to increase the sorrow and misfortune when she might be peacefully resting in her grave. Still, it *is* true that on certain anniversaries shrieks are heard within the walls, and flames have sometimes been seen to issue from them. Shall I relate the story?"

My curiosity was excited, so I readily gave assent. The evening shadows were gathering in the valley below, and well-to-do neighbors came one by one to partake of some slight refreshment at the bar, and to exchange such small items of news as had reached them from the city. At length mine host had quite an audience, and the history always began the story once at least, but all were eager for its repetition.

"It is very many years since that old house was fitted up for the Summer residence of Robert Brushfield, a successful city merchant, and also a widower, aged about forty-five—a stern, overbearing man, blessed with the power of amassing wealth by strategem by which he had gained his wealth—cruel, relentless, and exacting to the utmost limit of the law. He had one daughter, the only being toward whom he exhibited the least degree of tenderness—a delicate young creature, with long, waving golden hair, and wistful blue eyes that made a singular contrast to that made her seem much older than she really was. Her name was Lillian—we called her the 'Lily of our Valley,' and but for her father's cruelty she might have been the light of our valley still. They came one day in the early Summer, father and daughter together, and took up their abode among us, and seemed to be a sort of private secretary, or steward, or tutor, or perhaps all three in one. They engaged their servants from amongst the villagers, and it was through them the story first became known.

"Of course, our new neighbors speedily became the subject of gossip and inquiry. Every man has a spice of curiosity in his nature, and in small places like this the passion becomes strongly developed—not in a selfish, undermining way (backbiters and scandal-mongers are unknown in these parts, thank God!), but just from an ordinary desire to know the details of some of our neighbors' affairs, and to help them if they could, have their troubles from our sight and from our help.

"The secretary or steward (his name was Edgar Floyd) was a young man apparently about twenty-five years of age, with raven hair, a moustache in an early stage of cultivation, and eyes that seemed ever-changing in their expression—sometimes soft and mellow in their depths, at others gleaming with unnatural light, like the eyes of a caged tiger. We mistrusted him from the very first.

"The first Summer passed, and the second. We noticed that Lillian seemed to be drooping silently away. 'It must be a dreary life for her,' we thought. 'No visitors except the Tudors.' And they were too proud to repeat their visits often, except young Arthur, and he was only a half cousin—a sort of protege of theirs, who was studying for the law, and whose expectations, as we had been already prepared for his reception. An hour after his arrival he was invited to the library, and Lillian was sent for. She went at once, wondering what was to follow. She knew the stranger was expected—knew what his purpose was; it had already filled her with horror and dismay. She was not informed of his errand. When she opened the door to her father drew her gently forward and introduced her thus:

"'Lillian, this is your future husband—Mr. Vervain, my daughter.'

"The gentleman bowed politely and extended his hand to her; but Lillian, surprised and trembling, fled to her father's side with a look upon her pale face that would have melted any other heart than his.

"'We must bid him welcome, Lillian,' said the father, with a smile so harsh and cynical that Lillian turned away from him involuntarily. 'We must make the son of my old friend doubly welcome.'

"The gentleman bowed again, and Lillian trembled still more. Her face became pale as marble, and she stretched forth her arms in sorrowful entreaty, and cried in accents broken with despair:

"'Spare me! O spare me, father!'

"'Lillian, go to your room!' replied Mr. Brushfield sternly, and she obeyed him mechanically. The stranger supported her across the room and closed the door behind her; then he smiled and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and, turning to Mr. Brushfield, said:

"'A pleasant reception, truly.'

"'My daughter is very sensitive, Rupert,' said Mr. Brushfield. 'The excitement attending your arrival has affected her. To-morrow she will be better.'

"'I hope so for your own sake, friend.'

"'We must give her time, Rupert,' said Mr. Brushfield sadly; 'yes, we must give her time.'

"When did the prosperous Robert Brushfield first conceive the idea of "giving time" to anyone?' queried the stranger, with a laugh at his own pleasantry. It was a hollow, mocking laugh, and Brushfield did not join in it as he should have done, but groaned.

"'Nevertheless we must not act with unseemly haste. You will give her time to become more fully acquainted with you?'

"'Not an hour longer than necessary to ——'

"'This is not a matter of money, Rupert,' continued Brushfield persuasively.

"'It is; you know it is. What are the facts? *You robbed my father* ——'

"'Be cautious: someone may overhear,' suggested Brushfield, turning very pale.

"'Let someone hear. It is your concern, not mine,' replied the stranger, with emphasis. 'You robbed my father to an extent known only to yourself and one other—that other, me. I hold the proofs—you wish to purchase them. I am a man of business. I know perfectly well I should gain nothing by prosecuting you, except revenge—which is sweet, I believe. But I prefer to forego that luxury. You offer me a portion of your wealth; I prefer to have the whole of it. This is but just, as it has resulted principally from the amount you ——'

"'Do be cautious, Rupert. I know, I know ——'

"'From the amount you *borrowed*,' continued Vervain maliciously. 'You demur; I cogitate. Eventually, not being a remorseless creditor like yourself, and willing even to "give time" on good security, I consent to let you remain in possession and enjoyment for the rest of your natural life. Then everything you possess is to revert to me. Meantime, I want security that you won't extravagantly expend the capital. What security naturally suggests itself? Your daughter! When she becomes my wife, your interests and mine will be identical. The bargain was made, and here I am to claim the security. In *that* matter I can give no time.'

"Mr. Brushfield knew how utterly he was in this man's power. His daughter alone could save him. He had no thought for her. Her future happiness was not imperiled. This man would give her wealth and station. Love—poor, humble, vagrant Love—never once entered the mind of the worldly man.

"'There was no escape for her but death, she knew. Her father's will was inflexible. She flew to a drawer in her bureau and took from it a portrait and a little ring, and kissed them, while she muttered:

"'There is no escape but death. There is no one in the world who will help me—no one, not one!'

"Turning suddenly, she discovered that she was not alone—someone had entered unperceived. It was Edgar Floyd.

"'Pardon me, Miss Lillian,' he said. 'I will help you to—escape.'

"'You here!' she said in some amazement. 'What means this intrusion, sir?'

"'Again I crave your pardon, Lillian,' he replied. 'I overheard everything that passed between yourself and your father and Mr. Vervain.'

"'And you will help me!' she exclaimed. 'I did not think this of you.'

"'On one condition I will free you, Lillian.'

"'And that is ——'

"'That you will immediately give me the right to protect you, by becoming my wife.'

"'That I can never do,' she replied scornfully.

"'Miss Lillian, think again,' he urged quietly.

"'It is unnecessary, Mr. Floyd. Much as I despise this man my father would have me wed, I could not accept my freedom at your hands—on such conditions.'

"'Is this your decision?'

"'It is.'

"'You foolish child!' he exclaimed impetuously. 'Listen to me one moment. Do you not see that I can help you in no other way ? Were I ever so willing to give you freedom, you would be caught and brought back again, and *forced* to marry Mr. Vervain, the man you dislike above all others. As my wife, no harm could overtake you; and, believe me, I would try to make you happy.'

"'It cannot be, Mr. Floyd. Still, you may help me if you will. Have pity, I implore. Let me tell you my secret. I—I am married already!'

"'Married!' he echoed, and the mask fell—his excitement was intense.

"'I am the wife of Arthur Tudor. I have been married some months, but I dared not tell my father.'

"'Lillian, you are deceiving me,' cried Edgar. 'How could you escape my vigilance ?'

"'You were absent one day, remember, with my father ?'

"'You availed yourself of that opportunity?'

"'How could I do otherwise when I loved him so?' she pleaded. He seized her by the arm.

"'Lillian, the hope of my life since I have known you has been to call you mine. You obeyed your father's instructions, but it was to aid my own purposes I did so. I long ago determined to save you from Mr. Vervain—to make you my own wife in spite of them all. You have frustrated my plans. Yet you shall not escape me!'

"She sank upon her knees at his feet. Her appeal was vain. His evil eye glittered with impotent rage. He turned and left the room. That night, when all the household were asleep, the wretched girl remained upon her knees in prayer. At first she prayed for aid from her beloved—that her father's purpose to wed her to Mr. Vervain might be set aside; but at length she realized how vain was her appeal, and then she prayed for death—cold, comforting, sudden death—and her prayer was answered.

"Creeping noiselessly into her room, and to her side, came Floyd, her latest lover of the three. He listened for a moment to her pitiful wail; then, with sudden hate, he thrust a dagger deep into her breast. She uttered one weak cry, and all was over.

"He gazed for an instant upon her features; then, hastening to the door, he fastened it carefully. Then he took from his pocket and imprinted one impassioned kiss upon her lips.

"'Mine ! only mine !' he cried.

"He hurried to the window, and, opening it, looked out upon the night. All was still, save the wild beating of his heart. A strange smell of burning filled the air. At the moment a cloud of warm smoke burst into the room. The house was in flames !

"'I would have escaped with her from the ruins,' he said. 'She has willed it otherwise. It is well, it is well!'

The household was speedily aroused. He heard their bewildered footsteps; and when they approached the door—to rescue Lillian from the flames, they thought—he drew the knife from her breast and thrust it into his own. He was fast dying when they effected an entrance into the room.

"'Back, for your lives!' he gasped. 'She is mine, she is mine !'

"Headless of the increasing flame and smoke, the father rushed forward impulsively. He was brought back insensible. Then the roof fell with a deafening sound, and the flames leapt and roared until the whole of that side of the building was consumed.

"Soon afterwards, Mr. Brushfield made terms, it is supposed, with Vervain, and quitted the scene forever. The house has never since been occupied. Upon every anniversary of that horrible night, it is said, the scene of the murder is re-enacted there."

A CURIOUS BOXING MATCH.

A correspondent residing in Milwaukee, Wis., sends us a communication embodying the appended improbable story (related to him and others by Mr. Walthers, Principal of the Eleventh Ward School, that city), concerning the truth of which he desires to be informed. We had no previous knowledge of the occurrence of such an event, and research has failed to unearth the slighest allusion thereto; from which we infer that it originated in the imaginative brain of the Milwaukeean knight of the ruler and blackboard. However, for the edification of our readers, we give publicity to this latest specimen of Munchausenism:

"About the year 1835 or 1836, King William IV. of England, after obtaining the highest rank of his profession—Lord High Admiral of the British fleet—visited his brother, the Duke of Hanover, in Germany, to whom he was continually boasting of the wonderful agility of British boxers, their superior pugilistic science, their endurance and indomitable courage in giving and taking punishment. To such an extent did the King endeavor to persuade his royal brother of the invincibility of these noted first-class boxers, that he succeeded in working the Duke's metal up to such a pitch as to assert that he could find a man in Hanover, ignorant of the knowledge of scientific boxing, who would find but little trouble in licking any two of the boxers in England. The result was that a match was made, and a heavy wager laid betwixt the two brothers, at which time the Hanovarian Duke gave one of his servants strict orders to search for the strongest man in the country. Several robust men were named and selected to present themselves before the Duke, who assembled together, and questioned, they all mutually agreed that a big shepherd living in the neighborhood was far superior to any of them in strength, as no man had ever been able to grapple him. From this favorable report, the shepherd was sent for and selected by the Duke to combat with no less a person than the purpose of combating not merely one, but two of the celebrated boxers of that period. After the herculean shepherd had arrived in the capital, and gone through the necessary training preparations to bring athletes into good condition, the three combatants were brought face to face in a roped ring, the two British boxers confronting the stalwart Germ shepherd, who, ignorant of the art of self-defense, had anticipated that his opponents would close and wrestle him; but behold his surprise on seeing them nimbly dance about, hammering away at his ribs, similar to a brace of coopers hammering around a cask. All this tapping and thumping made but little impression on the sturdy shepherd, until the two pugilists lashed in together unmercifully, and one gave him a tremendous stinging hit on the nose, causing his blood to rise to boiling heat. He then laid one of the pugilists, grasped them firmly by the shoulders, and knocking their heads violently together, laid them prostrate on the ground, and in an instant flung them out of the ring, where they both remained insensible for some hours. As may be supposed, the sailor-king looked on with astonishment at witnessing two of his pet boxers so hastily knocked out of time, while, without any ceremony, the shepherd grasped the King and sent him sprawling alongside of his vanquished pets. At the same time, turning to the King's brother, he said: 'Your highness would have been served the same had you not been my duke.' With flying colors the shepherd returned to Germany, his pockets lined with more gold than he had ever before seen, and for years he remained open to fight the best man in the world, but he could never find another customer to face him."

"OUR WEIGHTS."—Under this head *The London Medical Record* says: "Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more, and girls a little less, than six and a half pounds. For the first nine years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus, young men of twenty average about 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average 152 pounds, but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 128 pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 pounds to 520 pounds, and women from 88 pounds to 307 pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking the average of ages and conditions, nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls and babies all included, is very nearly 100 pounds. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight, but the advocates of the superiority of women might make a nice point by introducing the rule that women be weighed by troy weight like other jewels, and men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand—young men of twenty, 143 pounds each; young women of twenty, about 140 pounds each; and so on.

THE following story comes from Ireland: Two men had a quarrel in a liquor shop. They adjourned outside to settle the dispute. The first man, being from Connaught, immediately seized a lump of stone and let fly at the head of his opponent, who dipped his head and missed the stone, which went through an expensive plate-glass window, and did much damage. A magistrate was called upon next morning to determine which of the two should pay the cost. The evidence clearly showed that the aim was a good one, and that if the second man had not dipped his head he would have been struck. "Therefore," said the magistrate, "he must pay the damages, as it is certain the first man didn't intend to injure the window, and the window would not have been injured if it had not been for the act of the second man."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

EARLY DAYS OF MINSTRELSY.

The start given to Ethiopian delineations by the appearance of T. D. Rice as "Jim Crow" was followed by the formation of minstrel troupes in the large cities, and the fun they evoked made their entertainments very popular. From the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier* of Feb. 27, 1847, we copy the following notice of a performance given in that city by the late E. P. Christy's troupe, then in its early days. The telegraph "peg," which was then fresh and fair, is even now made to do occasional duty as an original joke. Mr. B. F. Wambaugh of Versailles,

BILLIARDS.

UBASSY vs. GARNIER.

The last opportunity the American public will have of witnessing the skill of Francois Ubassy, who, until advancing years and a life of leisure in New Orleans rendered him somewhat heedless of his fame, and, openly neglectful of practice, was indisputably the finest three-ball player in the world, will occur at Tammany Hall, in this city, on the night of the 27th inst., when he and Albert Garnier are to play a three-ball game of 600 points, for $500 a side, on a 5x10 W. H. Griffith table, with the Delaney cushion. The match is mainly of interest as being the final appearance of Ubassy in public, for on the 30th inst. he is to sail for Havre via the French line of steamers. But aside from this, and while it is as much of a certainty that Garnier will win as certainties in billiards can be possible, the game promises to be as interesting, at least to the extent of brilliant execution, as any that has ever been played in this city. Ubassy is confident of winning, and we conceive that the cushion to be used will be of service to him. In announcing the terms of this match, we have adhered literally to the bills, save in dropping the word "wire" in connection with the cushion; and this we do for the reason that there is no wire about it. Like almost all others now in use, save two, this cushion has a metallic band running through it. This increases its speed, and augmented speed should be to the advantage of Ubassy, whose excellence is far more manifest "around the table" than in "nursing." The two great players should therefore not be far apart when the marker calls "Game!" next Wednesday night. The stakes are all up on both sides; and whether it be Ubassy's fate to lose or his good-fortune to win, let there be a jammed house by way of a gracious expression, on the part of Americans, of the wish that the French expert may have *bon voyage* in returning to his native country after a sojourn among us of nearly two years.

AN OLD ROOM UNEARTHED.—A burglary on the premises Nos. 627 and 629 Broadway, on the night of April 16, brought to light sixteen mouldy billiard tables. Their presence there, unsuspected by any roomkeeper or manufacturer in the metropolis, is thus explained. There were once a billiard-room and a bowling alley in the basement and sub-basement. The latest owner of the room, who is said to be an eccentric, closed it up just before the outbreak of the late war, leaving tables, sofas, bar and fixtures to rot. Had the tables been old for old ones, the principal and interest on those alone would by this time have aggregated about $8,000. Apart from this sacrifice, the room has a history. It was in this damp, unwholesome basement that James Lynch, one of the strongest and by odds the prettiest of players, contracted the disease that, early in 1861, prematurely closed his life. It was opened originally by Thomas Stone, who disposed of it at about 1860, to open a large room in the building corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, in which there have been three billiard-rooms, the last being the Apollo, and which is now in process of transformation into a minstrel hall for Birch, Wambold & Backus. Lynch and won by several lengths. Time, 10 minutes. Boys under sixteen years old, then contended in a half-mile race for a $25 prize, there being four entries, viz., Gipsy, 16ft. 6in.—Alex. Brown Legare (bow), Louis Ravenel (stroke), W. Shackelford, Jr. (coxswain). Rachel, 20ft.—W. Whaley, J. Enslow, H. W. Wilson, Joseph Whaley (coxswain). Lizzie, 14 ft.—John E. Kirkpatrick, R. M. Geddings, Ed. Frost, L. F. Robertson (coxswain). Julia Bell, 15 ft.—Fred. Jones, Fred. Fraser, Mart. Wilkins, Frank Jones, Wm. Porcher (coxswain). The Gipsy got off first and kept ahead until the close of the race, coming in two lengths ahead, Rachel second, Julia Bell third, Lizzie fourth; time, 3:30. The third and closing race of the day was between four-oared Whitehall boats, under 23 feet, prize valued at $50, one mile. The following crews started: Alert, Independent Club, 19ft.—T. G. Priolean (bow), E. H. Mazye, E. B. Hume, Wm. Chisholm (stroke), R. Alston (coxswain). Gertrude, Palmetto Club, 20ft.—T. P. Lesesne (bow), F. B. Hayne, W. Gregg, E. T. Robertson (stroke), W. De Saussure (coxswain). Carrie, Atlantic Club, 20ft. 6in.—E. C. Dougherty (bow), Waring Hughes, J. D. Rivers, J. H. Roper (stroke), J. R. Matthews (coxswain). The Carrie immediately assumed the foremost position, maintained it all through, and won by a few lengths, the Gertrude being second; time, 7:30.

The weather on the second day, May 15, was much better, and, as a natural consequence, the number of spectators present was considerably larger. The racing began with a single-scull race, one mile, for a prize valued at $100, the contestants being as follows: Herrington B. Hume, Kingston Rowing Club; Henry Cheves, Palmetto Club; W. T. Jones of Macon; and C. J. Ingraham of Savannah. Hume pulled to the front as soon as the word was given, taking the lead of Cheves, who had been the favorite, and keeping well in the van until near the terminal flags, when he collided with one of the numerous small boats which obstructed the course, and before Hume extricated himself, Cheves sped by and finished the distance. The latter, however, had crossed outside the prescribed limits; and as Hume, perceiving this error, pulled over the line between the flags before Cheves found out his mistake, the prize was awarded the former, Time, 7:22; Jones third; the Savannah representative being distanced. Now came the main event of the regatta in which the interest of all centered. It was the four-oared shell race, for a prize valued at $250, and the champion flag of South Carolina; two miles. The six boats entered all started, and were manned as follows: Isabel, Palmetto Club, 41ft. 6in.—H. B. Bull (bow), D. Parker, U. M. Lesesne, H. N. Parker (stroke). Glide, Carolina Club, 41ft.—W. B. Coffin (bow), W. A. Pringle, D. Bull, C. F. Hard (stroke). Lurline, Atlantic Club, 41ft.—E. C. Dougherty (bow), Waring Hughes, J. D. Rivers, J. H. Roper (stroke). Frolic, Ruff Club of Macon, Ga.—A. E. Boardman (bow), R. W. Jemison, Jr., J. P. Rosevelt, H. T. Powell (stroke). Lulu, Couper Club of Savannah, Ga., 41ft., —in.—F. P. Huger (bow), L. D. Alden, B. R. Davenport, John Bryan (stroke). Sappho, Vernon Club of Savannah, —, Schley (bow), —, Tilton, J. Schley, George Schley (stroke). After a tedious delay, during which the exposed cuticle of the carsmen was pretty well roasted by the rays of a burning sun, the word was given, and the race began. The Schleys were quickest to get off, quickly showing a length in front, with the Palmettos, who had been backed at evens against the field, pressing them close, and being themselves hard pressed for half a mile by the Carolinas. But a length separated the Schleys from the Palmettos at the close of the first mile, when the Coupers abandoned the contest. Half a mile farther on the Sappho led by two lengths, the crew rowing hard, but now the Palmettos and Carolinas came with a rush, and after a sharp brush each headed the Schleys. Just now, however, the Isabel, badly steered, ran upon a bank and was wrecked, thus throwing the crew out of the race. A hot race ensued between the Carolinas and Schleys, the latter with a brilliant burst regaining the lead; but a collision with an outside boat threw them behind again, and the Carolinas crossed the score over a length in advance, Schleys second, Atlantics third; Macon fourth. The next race was for four-oared Whitehall and clinker boats, limited to 30 feet 1½ miles. The competitors were as follows: Carolina Club—J. B. Holmes (bow), G. M. Wilson, J. H. Ladson, B. Edwards (stroke), W. Mure, (coxswain). Atlantic Club—W. W. McLeod (bow), A. J. Lawton, W. J. Whaley, E. B. Hume (stroke), J. R. Matthews, Jr. (coxswain). The former won in 13:00 by forty-five seconds. In the sailing race, which terminated the regatta on the 16th inst., the sloop-rigged boat Emmie won, the Old Buck, Ella Anna, Alice and Ellanor following in the order given. The festivities closed with a grand ball given by the Association at the headquarters of the Carolina Rifle Club.

PHILADELPHIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

This club held their opening regatta this season on the Delaware River, Monday, May 18, about fifty yachts participating, and a large concourse of people turning out to watch the white-winged racers. The second-class boats—which were limited in length to 15ft. 3in. between perpendiculars, beam not exceeding 5ft., exclusive of mouldings—were sent away from Shackamaxon Wharf, the George R. Jesson having the windward position, at 9:20 A. M. The wind at this time was blowing stiff from the southwest, and the little vessels went off in good shape. Twenty minutes later the boats of the first-class—same length as the second-class, but being 1ft. 3in. more beam—were signaled to start, which they did at once, all going off on the starboard tack, the Harry Strimmell holding the windward berth. Off Kadyn's Point the Kate D. Eakins was leading, Strimmell next, and the Albert Dager close astern, all three bowling along in a way to delight the hearts of the yachtmen. The second-class boats were now well ahead, going on the port tack off Red Bank, N. J., at 10.40, and the leader, Richard F. Riddell, making the mouth of the Schuylkill River at 11 o'clock, a long way ahead of the remainder of the fleet. The Sallie, which was second in the race, at this point had the misfortune to lose her peak halyards, thereby throwing her out of the contest. The John B. Brewer held the third position, closely pursued by the S. A. Standiford, the other yachts well together and not far behind.

The buoy below the Block House was rounded by the Riddell at 11.18, the Standiford, which had passed the Brewer, at 11.23, and the rest going round at brief intervals. Of the first-class squadron the Dager turned the buoy first, at 11.40, the Willie Kleintz going around five minutes afterwards, three minutes ahead of the Jonty Hillman. The tug Eutaw, having on board the referee, judges, timekeepers and members of the press, then steamed homeward, overhauling the Dager and Kleintz just off the Horseshoe, the former having a lead of about twenty yards only, and the race between them being most exciting; while as they cut through and rode gracefully upon the waves, each under a cloud of canvass, every stitch of which was drawing, the aquatic picture presented was very pretty. Those on board the tugs Eutaw and Edith—the latter carrying a party of ladies and gentlemen—and the spectators who crowded the wharves, eagerly watched the racers, and noted how the Kleintz gradually cut down the lead and finally passed her formidable rival, whom she beat to the flag-boat at the finish one minute exactly, rounding at 1.02 P. M. The Eggleton was third home, the time of her arrival being 1.13. The Riddell was the first boat of her class to return to the starting-point, which she reached at 12.46, a minute in advance of the Brewer, which was but a little way in front of the Standiford.

Thus closed the regatta, which was admitted by all to have been one of the most enjoyable, and productive of one of the finest races, that ever took place upon the Delaware. In the evening the award of prizes was made, as follows: First-class—Willie Kleintz, 8-day chronometer clock; Al. Dager, solid silver ice-pitcher, elaborately engraved: Albert T. Eggleton, fine solid silver castor; last boat in, a heavy anchor and chain, cut out of solid wood. Second-class—Richard F. Riddell, 8-day chronometer clock; J hn B Brewer, solid silver castor; S. A. Standiford, solid silver ice pitcher; last boat, an article in china which no family should be without. These valuable prizes were presented by Albert Ebener of No. 1,104 Beach street, who was mainly instrumental in getting up the regatta. Referee, Capt. Terence McCusker of the Fire Patrol; Judges, F. Meloy, S. A. Standiford, C. H. Bentley, and Chas. R. Johnson; starters, John D. Sidebotham and W. Kirk. Thaddeus Chambers, builder and captain of the H. Strimmell, was prevented attending by a death in his family. Among the larger yachts which accompanied the competitors were the General Gideon Clark, Chas. Austin, Stella, Lillie, Eliza, and Athos.

DOUBLE-SCULL RACE.—A turning race of two miles, for $50, came off on the Charles-river course, Boston, Mass., May 21, between the double-scull boats J. H. Butler, manned by Wm. Shea and Chas. Crowley, and George Lapsley, rowed by J. Keating and C. Conners. They got off shortly after seven o'clock, the Lapsley having rather the best of the start, and the race being well contested for more than one-third of the distance, when the Butler commenced to go away, and kept doing so gradually all the way home, ultimately winning the m-ney in 18:20, six lengths before the Lapsley. J. H. Butler acted as referee, the judges being M. W. Savage and J. J. O'Day for the Butler, C. V. Bunting and M. O'Hearn for the Lapsley.

NOT INSANE.—The many friends of ex-Councilman Eugene Durnin, formerly president of the City Club of the East-side, and an amateur billiard-player of some note, will be glad to hear that the rumor as to his insanity and confinement on Blackwell's Island is contradicted upon the authority of an intimate friend. Mr. Durnin is in the western part of this State, and, although in ill health, writes that he is rapidly recuperating.

JOSEPH DION.—At the opening of Carroll's new room, on Third avenue, near Twenty-ninth street, last week, this gentleman gave an exhibition of ball-twisting per fingers. Other experts were on hand, and the room, which is fitted up with Griffith's tables, was thronged.

NELMS VS. GERSTEL.—A few nights ago, at C. Mahler's room, Philadelphia, E. H. Nelms and Joseph Gerstel played a three-ball game of 200 points, Edmund winning in handsome style, his average, nearly 7, being more than double that of the professional jeweler's.

JOHN FRAWLEY.—The ex-champion of Ohio, who has for some years been out of the billiard business, has returned to it again. His residence still is Cleveland, but he is traveling in Indiana, Pennsylvania, Ohio and adjacent territory, in the interest of H. W. Collender.

WHY THIS?—A petition to abolish the only billiard-room in Watertown, Mass., is in circulation among the members of the Temperance Reform Club there. It is expected that the Board of Selectmen will grant the petition.

HOA VS. J. MILLER.—At the Crescent Hall club-room, New Orleans, La., on April 6, in a three-ball game for $50 a side, Albert Hoa defeated John Miller by a score of 300 to 247, with an average of 4.

GERSTEL.—Joseph, now in Philadelphia, is anxious to play a match with somebody in that city, bar Nelms. Gerstel has an eye single on Rockhill.

WAY DOWN EAST.—Ned Kendall, four-ball champion of Massachusetts, is down at Bath, Me. Kimball of that place was in Boston last week.

CLARK E. WILSON.—The titular champion of New England is at present in Boston, and proposes to remain there.

AQUATICS.

THE CHARLESTON, S. C., REGATTA.

After one postponement, the rowing and sailing regatta gotten up by the oarsmen of Charleston commenced on Thursday, May 14; and notwithstanding that rain fell from dawn till night, a large number of spectators viewed the races. The inaugural event was for four-oared gigs, 35 feet and over, distance 1¼ miles; prize valued at $75, entrance fee $10. There were two starters out of three entries, the Atlantic Club boat being compelled by the roughness of the water to withdraw. The competing crews were as follows: Felicita, Palmetto Boat Club—H. B. Bull (bow), D. D. Parker, W. N. Lesesne, H. N. Parker (stroke). Laura of Sans-Souci, Roman Club—E. McManus (bow), J. Dunn, F. F. McGary, J. Alberry (stroke), P. A. St. Armand (coxswain). The Palmettos took the lead at once, were never headed, and won by several lengths. Time, 10 minutes. Boys under sixteen years old, then contended in a half-mile race for a $25 prize, there being four entries, viz., Gipsy, 16ft. 6in.—Alex. Brown Legare (bow), Louis Ravenel (stroke), W. Shackelford, Jr. (coxswain). Rachel, 20it.—W. Whaley, J. Enslow, H. W. Wilson, Joseph Whaley (coxswain). Lizzie, 14 ft.—John E. Kirkpatrick, R. M. Geddings, Ed. Frost, L. F. Robertson (coxswain). Julia Bell, 15 ft.—Fred. Jones, Fred. Fraser, Mart. Wilkins, Frank Jones, Wm. Porcher (coxswain). The Gipsy got off first and kept ahead until the close of the race, coming in two lengths ahead, Rachel second, Julia Bell third, Lizzie fourth; time, 3:30. The third and closing race of the day was between four-oared Whitehall boats, under 23 feet, prize valued at $50, one mile. The following crews started: Alert, Independent Club, 19ft.—T. G. Priolean (bow), E. H. Mazye, E. B. Hume, Wm. Chisholm (stroke), R. Alston (coxswain). Gertrude, Palmetto Club, 20ft.—T. P. Lesesne (bow), F. B. Hayne, W. Gregg, E. T. Robertson (stroke), W. De Saussure (coxswain). Carrie, Atlantic Club, 20ft. 6in.—E. C. Dougherty (bow), Waring Hughes, J. D. Rivers, J. H. Roper (stroke), J. R. Matthews (coxswain). The Carrie immediately assumed the foremost position, maintained it all through, and won by a few lengths, the Gertrude being second; time, 7:30.

The weather on the second day, May 15, was much better, and, as a natural consequence, the number of spectators present was considerably larger. The racing began with a single-scull race, one mile, for a prize valued at $100, the contestants being as follows: Herrington B. Hume, Kingston Rowing Club; Henry Cheves, Palmetto Club; W. T. Jones of Macon; and C. J. Ingraham of Savannah. Hume pulled to the front as soon as the word was given, taking the lead of Cheves, who had been the favorite, and keeping well in the van until near the terminal flags, when he collided with one of the numerous small boats which obstructed the course, and before Hume extricated himself, Cheves sped by and finished the distance. The latter, however, had crossed outside the prescribed limits; and as Hume, perceiving this error, pulled over the line between the flags before Cheves found out his mistake, the prize was awarded the former, Time, 7:22; Jones third; the Savannah representative being distanced. Now came the main event of the regatta in which the interest of all centered. It was the four-oared shell race, for a prize valued at $250, and the champion flag of South Carolina; two miles. The six boats entered all started, and were manned as follows: Isabel, Palmetto Club, 41ft. 6in.—H. B. Bull (bow), D. Parker, U. M. Lesesne, H. N. Parker (stroke). Glide, Carolina Club, 41ft.—W. B. Coffin (bow), W. A. Pringle, D. Bull, C. F. Hard (stroke). Lurline, Atlantic Club, 41ft.—E. C. Dougherty (bow), Waring Hughes, J. D. Rivers, J. H. Roper (stroke). Frolic, Ruff Club of Macon, Ga.—A. E. Boardman (bow), R. W. Jemison, Jr., J. P. Rosevelt, H. T. Powell (stroke). Lulu, Couper Club of Savannah, Ga., 41ft., —in.—F. P. Huger (bow), L. D. Alden, B. R. Davenport, John Bryan (stroke). Sappho, Vernon Club of Savannah, —, Schley (bow), —, Tilton, J. Schley, George Schley (stroke). After a tedious delay, during which the exposed cuticle of the carsmen was pretty well roasted by the rays of a burning sun, the word was given, and the race began. The Schleys were quickest to get off, quickly showing a length in front, with the Palmettos, who had been backed at evens against the field, pressing them close, and being themselves hard pressed for half a mile by the Carolinas. But a length separated the Schleys from the Palmettos at the close of the first mile, when the Coupers abandoned the contest. Half a mile farther on the Sappho led by two lengths, the crew rowing hard, but now the Palmettos and Carolinas came with a rush, and after a sharp brush each headed the Schleys. Just now, however, the Isabel, badly steered, ran upon a bank and was wrecked, thus throwing the crew out of the race. A hot race ensued between the Carolinas and Schleys, the latter with a brilliant burst regaining the lead; but a collision with an outside boat threw them behind again, and the Carolinas crossed the score over a length in advance, Schleys second, Atlantics third; Macon fourth. The next race was for four-oared Whitehall and clinker boats, limited to 30 feet 1½ miles. The competitors were as follows: Carolina Club—J. B. Holmes (bow), G. M. Wilson, J. H. Ladson, B. Edwards (stroke), W. Mure, (coxswain). Atlantic Club—W. W. McLeod (bow), A. J. Lawton, W. J. Whaley, E. B. Hume (stroke), J. R. Matthews, Jr. (coxswain). The former won in 13:00 by forty-five seconds. In the sailing race, which terminated the regatta on the 16th inst., the sloop-rigged boat Emmie won, the Old Buck, Ella Anna, Alice and Ellanor following in the order given. The festivities closed with a grand ball given by the Association at the headquarters of the Carolina Rifle Club.

CENTRAL BOAT CLUB OF SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

The opening races of the season between members of this club were held on the South Bay on Thursday evening, May 21, about four hundred persons turning out to witness them, as the weather was particularly favorable. A race between single-scull outrigger working-boats, distance 1½ miles, with a turn, for a silver medal, emblematic of the club championship, inaugurated the day's sport. Three contestants appeared, viz., J. J. Flynn, Michael Martin and Wm. Hooper. They pulled very evenly up to the turning-point, which was the powder-boat, when Martin fell astern, the others going around together. Half-way home the contest was of an exciting description, the boats being within close proximity: but then Flynn, who had reserved himself for the finish, forced the pace, making it too hot for his opponents, from whom he continued to draw away until the starting-point was reached, he crossing the line about four lengths before Hooper, who led Martin one length. No time taken. Michael Murphy and James Curran then competed, in the same style of craft, for a silver watch. The loss of one of Murphy's sculls, when the course had been rowed half over, put an end to all interest in the contest, so much time being lost before it was recovered that Curran, pulling quite leisurely, won by half a dozen lengths. Murphy immediately challenged his conqueror to row again, and, the latter accepting, a race was arranged for the 25th inst. A four-oared working-boat race, distance two miles, each of the winning crew to receive a handsome pocket-knife, concluded the programme. The course was from the Dover-street bridge to and around a stakeboat moored off Pine Island wharf, and back. The opposing crews were as follows: Montgomery—Daniel Dempsey (bow), John Garrety, Robt. Martin, Cornelius Dempsey (stroke). John E. Fitzgerald—Peter Mullen (bow), Michael Curran, Michael Mullen, Jas. Shields (stroke). Exile—John Donavan (bow), Michael Martin, John Weigel, John Kelly (stroke). Up to the powder-boat the crews kept close companionship, but here the Exile boys began to weaken and fall to the rear, leaving the others to fight it out, which they did with desperation, disputing every foot of the way back to the starting-line, which the Montgomery reached with scarcely a length's advantage. No time taken. Judges, John Downing and Thos. Haney.

THE CAMDEN (N. J.) SOCIAL YACHT CLUB held their first annual regatta on Monday, May 18. The course sailed over was from off the Pennsylvania Railroad depot to Chester lower buoy and back, and the following boats participated: Eisenlohr, Orion, Bianca, Columbia, Admiral, Selby, Slaven and Fashion. They started at 9.17 A. M., and the lower buoy was turned as follows: Fashion, 12.08; Eisenlohr, 12.08½; Bianca, 12.14; Slaven, 12.14½; Admiral, 1.20. The others were now completely out of the race, and were not timed. With the exception that the Slaven passed the Bianca, no change in the relative positions of the boats occurred until the close, the order and time of arrival being as follows: Fashion, 2.34½; Eisenlohr, 2.34½; Slaven, 2.37; Bianca, 2.37:01; Admiral, 2.56.

THE CLIPPER SHIP THREE BROTHERS, originally the steamship Vanderbilt, arrived at this port on the 17th inst., and during the past week many persons availed themselves of the opportunity to observe what exterior and interior changes the transformation from a steamer to a merchant ship had made. The Three Brothers is now the property of a shipping firm, who have placed her in the California trade, and in her last voyage from San Francisco to Havre, France, she is reported to have made seventeen knots an hour.

AN OPEN AMATEUR REGATTA is announced to be held at Spring Lake, Mich., Aug. 12, 13. The programme will include single, double and four-oared shell races, tub and barge races, and suitable prizes will be offered for each event. The committee of arrangements is composed of C. P. Brown, Frank E. Yates, D. G. Cutler, H. W. Pearson, Hunter Savidge, W. H. Brown, T. S. White, Hon. Dwight Cutler, Mayor J. A. Leggett and J. T. Cheney. A considerable sum of money has already been subscribed.

THE NEPTUNE BOAT CLUB was organized recently at Lynn, Mass., and is thus officered: President, Michael A. Murray; secretary, Michael A. Murray; treasurer, Stephen Moran. There are sixty names on the roll, and the club-fleet embraces one four-oared boat and two single-sculls, while two fours are being built for them. Their headquarters of the club will be on Beach street, adjoining the Lynn Yacht Club house.

THE BOAT CLUBS of Savannah have petitioned the Georgia Regatta Association to postpone the regatta until June 12, to allow time for the home crews to recuperate from the physical depression arising from their Charleston trip, most of them having been sunburned so badly that locomotion is almost an impossibility."

THE YACHTING SEASON at Boston, Mass., was inaugurated off South Boston Point on Wednesday afternoon, May 20, with a scrub race between Commodore J. Nelson's Idahoe of the South Boston Club, and Capt. Taylor's Lizzie of the Lynn Club. The Mabel won by 3 min. 45 sec. Judges, Commodore Babb and A. Watts.

WILLIAM BEDDE of Stapleton, S. I., is said to have last week captured a sturgeon ten feet long and weighing upwards of 400 pounds. The captive was placed on exhibition in the village as the largest of the kind ever caught in the waters of Staten Island.

THE JAMAICA PLAIN BOAT CLUB, near Boston, Mass., last week reorganized by electing the following officers: President, A. G. Gorham; treasurer, F. W. Reynolds; secretary, E. L. Lincoln; directors, G. H. Balch, W. P. A. Brewer and Joseph Curtis.

JAMES WHITE, who killed Wm. G. McLaughlin in the club-house of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, Boston, Mass., last March, was on May 19 found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

A FOUR-OARED WORKING-BOAT RACE has been added to the programme of the regatta to be held on the Charles River, Boston, Mass., June 17, under the auspices of the West-end Boat Club. An entrance fee of $5 will be charged.

W. BLAKEY of the Adelaide Hotel, Newcastle, Eng., announces through *Bell's Life* that he will match two men to row any other couple in the world, either double sculls or pairs, for £200 a side.

ALFRED HAMPTON, a waterman, defeated Charles Thompson, a landsman, in a scullers' race from Putney Aqueduct to Barnes Railway Bridge, on the Thames, Eng., May 6. Time, 22:44.

W. WILLIAMSON AND JOSHUA RAWLING rowed two miles on the Blyth, Eng., for £50, May 2, the former winning by two lengths.

WM. F. BIBBIN, ex-commodore of the Bunker Hill Yacht Club, died May 16 at Boston, Mass.

THE NAME of the Excelsior, Jr., Boat Club of Detroit, Mich., has been altered to Watanga.

THE TURF.

DEERFOOT PARK SPRING TROTTING MEETING.

The Spring trotting meeting at Deerfoot Park, L. I., commenced on Tuesday, May 19, under such favorable auspices as to make this course a formidable rival to the trotting tracks at Prospect and Fleetwood Parks. The day was pleasant, the attendance large, and the sport exciting. The trotting commenced with a purse for horses that had never beaten three minutes, for a purse of $600; the entry table giving $125, second horse $50, and third $25. Of the five entries, four came to the starting-post, viz., Butler's br. m. Lovely B., Webber's s. g. Architect, Dunham's b. g. Granger, and Cooney's gr. m. Ella D. In this race Architect had a decided call over any of the others; selling for $20 against $30 for the field. The first heat convinced the backers of the favorite that they had made a mistake, for Lovely B. won it with the greatest ease in 2:52½; the favorite just managing to escape being distanced, a mishap which occurred to both Granger and Ella B. The second and third heats were won with equal ease by Lovely B., in 2:47½, 2:48½; Architect securing second money. The second event was for horses that had never beaten 2:37, for a purse of $300, of which $170 went to the winner, $100 to the second, and $30 to the third horse. Four started out of the five horses entered: Gilbert's s. g. George Gilbert (formerly No Name), Mead's b. g. Senator Mitchell, Phillip's b. g. Handy Andy, and Carpenter's blk. g. Jim. Gilbert brought $21, Senator Mitchell $20, and the field $14. Jim won the first heat and was distanced in the second; George Gilbert winning that and the two succeeding heats and the race, after a close contest in each with Senator Mitchell. Time, 2:40, 2:42, 2:43, 2:44.

After two postponements on account of the rainy weather, the second day's trotting of the meeting came off on Friday, May 22. The weather being pleasant and the card of an attractive character, the attendance was large and the sport excellent. The first race was for a purse of $250, for horses that had never beaten 2:40, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Five out of the six horses entered came to the post; Evans' gr. g. Pollock, Mend's ch. g. Pollock, Palling's b. g. Byard, Webber's b. m. Rose May, Carpenter's b. m. Lady Rafferty, and Dunham's s. g. Charles E. Cooney. In pools, Pollock sold for $30; Byard $27; Lady Rafferty $25; and the field $11. Pollock won the first heat in 2:38¾ with seeming ease, but Major showed such speed that the knowing ones jumped to the conclusion that he was a "sleeper," and there was such a rush to get on him that he became the favorite against the field at $50 to $45. When, however, Major won the second heat in faster time than the first—2:37¾—it was thought a certainty for him, and $40 to $10 was current; the Major party taking all these odds very quietly. In the third heart Crawford let Major go, and he won the heat easily in 2:42½. Pollock going all to pieces. Major won the fourth and fifth heats and the race in 2:45, 2:45; thus landing all the money in the pool-box for the clever party who own him, and winning the race without having to beat 2:40, in consequence of which he is still elegible to trot in the 2:40 class. Major is a close inbred horse, being by a son of the famous old stallion trotter George M. Patchen, out of the equaly famous fast mare Lucy, who was also by George M. Patchen; he is now ten years old, and will make a real good one. The second race was for a purse of $400 for horses that had never beaten 2:30. Five out of the six horses entered started: Anderson's b. g. Kiki, Phillip's gr. g. Jack Draper, Brown's gr. m. Belle of Toronto, Owner's br. g. Berkshire Boy, and Chamber's br. m. Moulsly. Kiki was the favorite at $100 to $50 over the field, and he won the race in three straight heats; Jack Draper and Belle of Toronto taking second and third money. Time, 2:35, 2:34½, 2:33¾.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.—Two trotting matches came off at Fleetwood Park on Wednesday, May 20, which attracted a fair attendance, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The first was a match for $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between John Murphy's s. g. Sorrel Jake, and P. Webber's b. m. Rose May. Sorrel Jake was the favorite at $50 to $25 before the start, and after the first heat, which he won with great ease by six lengths, any odds would have been laid on his winning the race. This he did in three straight heats. Time, 2:47½, 2:47, 2:47¼. The second race was a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, between B. Weeks' team, Yellowstone and Lady Weeks, to wagon, and Charles Hellwestone and Lady Tivoli, to harness. While the horses were scoring, Tivoli was the favorite at $50 to $35; but after the start, when it became apparent he was acting badly, the team was freely backed to win at the odds of $50 to $25 on them. They won the first heat in 3:00, and the second in 2:59, each beat by four lengths. John Murphy then took Heintzel's place behind Tivoli, and the exchange was a good one, for he won the third heat by four lengths in 2:58. The fourth heat and race was won by Yellowstone and mate, who were declared the winners. Time, 2:55½.

On Friday, May 22, a purse of $100, given by the Fleetwood Association, for horses that had never beaten 2:45, was trotted over that track. There were five contestants—Murphy's b. m. Lady Trimble, Wilson's b. g. Patsy Bolivar, Smith's b. g. Humpty Dumpty, McKee's blk. m. Midnight, and Allcott's ch. g. Jim. Lady Trimble was the favorite, and she won in three straight heats: Patsy Bolivar taking second, and Humpty Dumpty third money. Time, 2:42, 2:45, 2:45.

AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB RACING RULES.—We have received a copy of the revised rules and regulations, governing racing, of the American Jockey Club. We find many alterations have been made; some merely verbal, while others are of great importance to turfmen and owners of racehorses. Rule 3 now provides that the entire entrance money to a purse, 5 per cent., shall go to the second horse, instead of one half to the winner and the other half to the second horse, as hitherto. Rule 19 provides that anyone owning an interest in the racing qualities of a horse shall be considered an owner. Rule 32 declares that objections to horses on the ground of non-payment of stakes or forfeits for races of the meeting in progress are not valid unless made before the horses are ordered to the starting-post. The clause in Rule 53, that there shall be no distance in a third heat, is expunged. Rule 74 provides that no owner or trainer shall engage a rider or groom from another stable who has not a certificate of good conduct, or a written consent to his re-engagement from the last employer. If the certificate is unjustly refused, or for any reason the consent cannot be obtained, the Executive Committee of the American Jockey Club may authorise the engagement. Rule 75 reads: If a jockey rides a race without the consent of his employer, the Executive Committee may fine or suspend him, and may also fine or suspend the owner or trainer for whom he rides; and if a jockey unattached to a stable refuses to fulfill an engagement, the Executive Committee may fine or suspend him. These are the most important changes in the rules.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

MRS. J. W. GILBERT.—Your reply, with game, was welcome; the photo. will shortly be reciprocated. We shall accede to your request, if possible.

H. J. C. ANDREWS.—The assurance from your own hand that we are to enrol you among our contributors is very gratifying.

HERR G. MEYER.—For your special contributions to us, as well as for the pleasure of so many choice selections, accept our thanks. Also, for your kind offices in our behalf, in securing Mr. A. The errand has been duly forwarded.

F. S., New Milford, Ct.—A reply to your feat in "blindfold solving" has been received. Herr M. says it is an accomplishment he never heard of being exercised before.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Thank you for pains taken in our behalf; also, for valuable criticism.

CHAS. A. GILBERG.—The same to you.

GUERRILLA.—You can now appear *rectus in curia*. Mr. Carpenter says of No. 1: "The position may not be so well-balanced as before, yet this is compensated for by the increased finish of the solution." No. 3, C. A. G. pronounces "healthy," when you add a Black P at K R 3, to prevent 1..Ki to K 6 +; 2..Kt to B sq +; 3. Q to K R 7, mate.

JOS. N. BABSON.—Thanks for problems, and assurance of more. That 3 move is exquisite.

ALONZO, Newport (Mon.), Eng.—Mr. Babson says he wrote you, "mailing" that 17-mover designed for us, more than four months ago. Will try his pigeon-gun again. Reckons ship and all sank off Tragabigzanda.

CHAS. C. BARNES.—So welcome an addition to our chess treasury is thankfully accepted. We cannot promise the catalogue till Fall.

HERR MEYER.—Mr. Cook's 68 move is a suimate. T. M. R. can it down the gamut of several solutions to 27 moves; Mr. J. Mennier, in four less; and, finally, the great author himself beat them all on the backstretch by producing a *modus* in 20. Your 40-move is not the longest. There was one some years ago, by Dr. M. Lange, in over 40 moves; a direct prob., with no restrictions.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Please favor us with your address; we have somewhat to communicate.

B. WESTERMANN.—Accept our thanks for the specimen No. of the Chess Magazine.

J. CHARLETON, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—At date of this writing (May 16) the expected package by book-post, and papers, had not arrived.

A. TOWNSEND.—Just as we close this, *The Chess Record* comes in with your "R" problem, and a dash of flattery at both you and us.

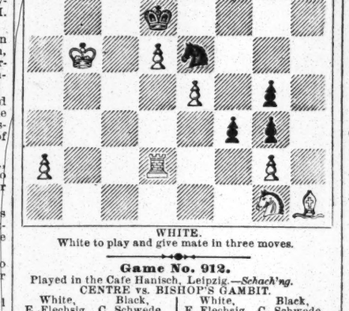
A CHESS DREAM.—Our valued contributor, Col. Huggins, in sending us his week's beautiful problem, accompanies it with the following explanation. He says, substantially, that the position, complete in all its details, was presented to his mental vision in a dream. He arose at 2 o'clock in the morning, struck a light, placed the problem on his board, and thence transferred it to his book. This, Col. H. assures us, was all the conscious or voluntary care he had in the matter. It is certainly a remarkable occurrence.

CHAMPION OF NEW ENGLAND.—After being held for a series of years, to which our chess remembrance runneth not to the contrary, by the distinguished veteran George Hammond, Esq., the brilliant young Philadelphian, H. B. Neill has decisively won this title. The formal match with P. Ware, Jr., has resulted thus: Neill, 7; Ware, 3. Mr. Hammond was in the Boston Tourney just won so signally by Mr. Neill.

Enigma No. 912.
BY HERR MEYER.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 912.
"What dreams may come!"
BY J. HUGGINS.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 912.
Played in the Cafe Hanisch, Leipzig.—*Schach'ng.*
CENTRE vs. BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
E. Flechsig.	C. Schwede.	E. Flechsig.	C. Schwede.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..P to Q B 3	Castles
2..K B 4	K P × P	18..Q Kt–B 5	Q B–home
3..K B–B 4	P–Q 4	19..Q–her R 4(c)	P–K R 4
4..B × Q P	Q–K R 5 +	20..P–K 5	P–K B 5(d)
5..K–his B sq	P × P K t 4	21..Kt × B 1st P	K Kt × Kt
6..Q × B 3(a)	K–Kt–K t 2	22..K R × Kt	K R × R
7..P–Q 4	K Kt–K 2	23..Kt P × R	P–K Kt 6(e)
8..K Kt–B 3	Q–K R 4	24..Q–her B 4 +	K–his R 8
9..P–K B 4	P–K R 3	25..P–K 6	R–K B sq
10..K–Kt sq	P–K Kt 5	26..Q Kt–K 4	P–K B 7 ×
11..K Kt–K sq	P–K B 6	27..K–his Kt 2	R × B P
12..P–K R 3	Q K–B 3	28..Kt–Kt 5(f)	R P × Kt
13..K B × Kt +	Kt P × B	29..K P × P	R–K R 5
14..K Kt–Q 3	K Kt–his 3	30..K R × R	Q × K R
15..P–K R 3	Q B–Kt 2(b)	31..Q R–R sq(g)	Q × Q R +
16..Q Kt–R 4	Q R–Q sq	32..K × Q	Q B × P,
		wins.	

(a) Victor Nielson here suggests 6..K Kt to B 3, Q to K R 4; 7..P to K R 4, P to K R 3. But, after 7..P to K R 4, Black would not play P to K R 3, K B to Kt 2.

(b) It is not to be denied that 15..Q B to K 3 is better. This move is one wholly lost.

(c) This, as the notes to position shows, is very weak. But it is not easy to point out how White could now play

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending SP. M., MONDAY MAY 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Agnor, Inez (2)
Arlington, Ella
Arnett, Annie (2)
Arnold, Mazora
Aymar, Mrs. Wm.
Barnard, Mrs. Ann
Bertha, Mlle. 10c.
Butler, Clara
Boniface, Marie
Barretta, Pauline
Bickerstaff, Miss A.
Barrett, Polly
Baker, Mrs. Sarah A.
Byers, Mrs. D. F.
Bush, Dora
Ballard, Jessie
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Barie, Mrs. Mary
Coleman, Louie
Carroll, Mrs. M. B.
Crabtree, Lottie
Clarke, Mrs. Adele
Clark, Mrs. W. R.
Drayton, Sousie
Chapman, Ella
Coventry, Julia S.
Crosbie Sisters
Camillo, Mlle.
De Forrest, Zoe 6c.
Davies, Miss E.
Denin, Susan
De Bar, Blanche
Dresser, Mrs. Laura R. (2)
Delmay, Lulu 14c.
De Lisle, Maude
Eldridge, Lillie
Elmore, Corene (2)
Francis, Lulu
Farrell, Bella
Forrest, Hattie
Foster, Kate
Goodchild, Miss K.
Austin, Nat
Arnold Bros.
Ames, Emile
Archer, Chas. (pianist) (2)
Allen, M. C.
Andrews, Billy
Abbey, Hy. E.
Armstrong, Harry
Blossom, Nat
Blanchett, D.
Burton, Clarence
Byers, Wm.
Bell, Frank (com.)
Brennan, Harry
Barbour, W. W.
Butler, Robt.
Barry & Frank
Browne, Edwin (2)
Barrett, Lawrence
Blanchard, W. E.
Benton, A. W.
Barnabeau, Adolfo
Burke, Jno. M.
Brink, Fred A.
Bartlett, Jas. S.
Buckley, J.
Batcheller & Doris
Bognes, Jas.
Bailey's Circus, G. F.
Benson, Geo. W.
Bailey, P. H.
Berry, Green (agent)
Bristow, H. F.
Breyer, Jno. F.
Benedict, J. C.
Blossom, Ned
Bishop & Primrose (song-and-dance)
Barnholt, Jno.
Barnard, G. F.
Blanchard, Harry
Benedict, Lew
Bitz, Francois R.
Batcheller, Wm. (lesper)
Belayney, Antonio
Bergan, E. S.
Bloodgood, Harry
Benedict & Clark's Min.
Breyer, W. V. 3c.
Burk's Mirror of Ins.
Butler, Harry (comedian)
Burton, Danl.
Chaplin, Wm. D.
Collyer, Eddie
Carr, Lucius, Bill (2)
Cook, Chas. S. (2)
Curtis, M. B.
Covell, Harry
Conanel, Fred E.
Donnoven, J. K.
Doleman, Edward (2)
Carleton, Wm.
Grill, M. K.
Cox, A. S.
Chibee, Albert
Costello, Fred
Cook, Jas. E.
Crosby, B.
Cook, Louis E.
Cole, Al (circus "biz")
Cotton, Billy
Cassim, Jim
Clark, C. W.
Clarke, "Kit"
Collini, Sig. Tito
Cowles, M. B. (2)
Dewsnap, Harry
De Haven, Claude
Darton, Robt.
Dring, Frank
Dillon, John
Davy, T. W.
Dorris, Jno. B.
Denier, Tony (3)6c.
Durham, Saml.
Du Barr, Prof. Jerome
Dingess, R. S.
Dinnin, S.
Donaldson, Wash. H.
Eckbert, Jno.
Elliott, F. P.
Edwards, Frank (3)
Evans, Frank
Eddie, Master
Fish, Alexander
Fowler, Thos. B. (2)
Fisher, C. (minstrel "biz")
Fostelle, Chas. (2)
Farrell, M. F.
Fowler, Joel E.
Fisher, Will E.
Fitzgerald, Jas. (circus "biz")
Franklin, J. C.
Fox, Charlie (Dutch "biz")
Fredericks, Chas. E.
Florance, Geo. A. (2)
France, Sidney C. "Footelle"
Frost, Hyatt
Fredericks, W.
Goshen, Col. Rouah
Galindo, Pincon
Gallagher, Mike (comed.)
Greisinger, Fred A.
Gerry, D. S.
Gorcall, Julien N.
Gomez Gift Entertainer
Granger, Bud
Gannon, Pete
Graves, E. Lyd.
Goslee, Ferd. D.
Gayton, Frank
Griste, Chas. B.
Gepo, Harry
Green, W. H. (with Washburn)
Gorman, W. E.
Gilday & Ginniven
Gibson, A. B. (2)
Gottschalck, The
Geraldine, Mlle.
Gordon, Mrs. Ida M.
Gregory, Lou
Gordon, Georgie
Hurd, Ednah
Harris, Amelie (2)
Howard, Mrs. G. C.
Hernandez, Mrs. Ida
Irma, Mlle.
Kleder, Bell
Khrose, Mrs. W.
Kurtwell, Mrs. Johanna
Lonaine, Maggie
Leonard, Nellie
Le Brun, Marie (2)
Leland, Emma
Le Claire, Laura (2)
Lopez, Mad.
La Grange, Mrs. Lizzie
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Lemoine, Maude
La Grange, Lizzie
Lyrn, Augusta 34c.
McDonald, Flora
Maynard, Emilie
Mack, Mrs. E. J.
Mayfield, Alice
Mortimer, Lulu
Moran, Mrs. Jennie
Madden, Maggie L.
Moore, Kittie
Marshall, Mrs. J. E.
Melville, Virginia
Maynard, Emily
Metz, Mary
May, Georgie
Nash, Mrs. S. A.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Neilson, Miss
Nash, Helen
Narcross, Hallie
Nichols, Louisa
Prestige, Fannie
Pritchard, Johanna
Preston, Isabella
Poinier, Marie
Palmer, Laura
Partington, Kate
Peak, Fannie
Raymond, Lillie
Ryan, Mrs. Belvil
Right, Miss L. (3)
Rogers, Mrs. Louraine
Reylance, Georgie
Richards, Pauline (2)
Sanford, Mrs. Elise
St. John, Kittie
Street, Mrs. Martha
Smith, Louisa
Starbird, Anna
Stetson, Evelyn
Tyson, Katie
Taylor, Minnie
Vescellus Sisters
Vurmser, Anna
West, Millie
Wade, Jane
Whilin, Mrs.
Worrell, Jennie (2)
Walters, Miss A.
Willard, Miss L.
Weston Sisters
Whitny, Mrs. Lena
Wa-wa, Minnie
Woods, Carrie Rosalie
Whitland, Kittie
Young, Aggie
Zephr, Millie (2)
Zeonetti, Zoe
Zulella, Mad.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aimone, Sig.
Grey, Geo. S.
Harrison, Charlie
Hart, Harry (minstrel "biz")
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hurley, Harry
Haynes, Jas. W.
Hill, G. A.
Herbert, D.
Horn, Eph
Hughes, Geo.
Hutchinson, Jas. L.
Hall, E. W.
Hayden, Chas.
Hope, Jos. (tenor)
Hart, J. O.
Hodges, D. B.
Harris, Ed. (candy "biz")
Hall, Mills
Heywood Bros.
Hagar, Chas. H.
Henshaw, Jno.
Healy, Dr. Jno. B.
Hyting, Sam
Hicks, C. H. (2)
Henderson, Wm.
Heart, H.
Hart, Chas. G.
Hughes, Barney
Howorth, Jno.
Hirsch, Alex
Hussey, Frank
Holden, Frank
Howard, Edmund (International Mesnag., Manager
Jones, T. V.
Johnson & Powers (2)
Jones, Frank (Rising Sun)
Jack, S. T.
Jones, Frank
Keene, Mple
Keenbie, Chas. W.
Kendall, E. A.
Kendall, E. P.
Knipper, Wm.
Kidder, Jos.
Logan, Ship. B.
Leppert, Fred C. (2)
Lagh, Ad.
Leland, Matt (2)
Lawlor, W. F. (2)
Lawlor, Frank
Lockin, Wm. (with Maginley)
Lang, Joseph
Lord, Jas. (of Lord & Whitley)
Lehman, A.
Le Fevre, C. (2)
Lang, Sam
Lennox, Geo. J. (2)
Lambard, Jas. M.
Levantine, Fred.
Miltonian Tableaux, Manag.
Maffitt, W.
Moran, Jno.
Merkley, Harry
Melton, J. V.
Moore, Frank
Miller, "Yankee"
McAtil & Strong's Min. of Luck
Middleton, Geo. (manager)
Mason, Ned
Morrison, J. C.
Mack, Frank
Mohomed, Ben Thir (2)
Martel, Jas. C.
Mortimer, Gus 3c.
Melville, Harry
McAllister, Prof. J. C.
Martin, Sami.
Mowry, Fred
Morosina, G.
Mortimer, J. M.
Morris, Albert W.
Marten's Family
Mashias, Jacob
Manning, Thos.
Marshall, J. F.
Murphy, Jas. (show "biz")
Merchant & Forester
Marsh, Wm. (circus "biz")
Mack, J. H.
Mendel, Wm.
Magee, Jas.
McWade, Robt.
Melville, Chas. (agent) (2)
Mulvey, Wm. E.
Meers, Chas. J.
Murphy, Paddy
Marvin, Theophilus
Maxwell, Geo.
Mumford, Harry L.
Mortimer, G. A.
Murray, B. S.
Mahon, Bobby
McEvoy, John
Maynard, Thos.
McGill, Wm.
Mayo, F.
Miles, R. E. J. (3)
Mer. Marcus R.
Manning, Johnny (2)
Norton, F. H.
North, Jr., R.
Nickle, Robt. (magician)
Noyes, J. F.
Newcombe, W. W.
Noon, Jack
Newton, Isaac G.
Neash, Dan'l.
Owens, Jno. E. (2)
Omohondro, J. B. (2)
O'Lynn, Bryan
O'Bryan, Jos.
Olsier, P. A.
Ott, Fritz
Oppenheimer, H. (of Pullman Bros.)
Parker, R. G.
Palmer, Mr. (of Niblo's)
Parento, Henry
Pierce, Wm. (mins. "biz")
Primrose, Geo.
Pelley & Hughes 6c.
P. land, Tom (circus "biz")
Perkins, D. L.
Plunkett, Chas.
Percy, Robt. (2)
Page, A. S. "Fedanto"
Porter, Ben
Quick, J. W.
Quigley, J. F.
Rainforth & Kitridge
"Ricardo"
Reed, Geo. W.
Ryse, Ellis
Rohbeth, Tom G.
Russell, L. H.
Rogers, Loraine
Raymond, Jas. T. 5c.
Rogers, Jacob
Rice, Danl.
Rush, Jno.
Richards, Wm.
Robinson, A. W.
Roberts, Fred
Robinson, Jas. (circus)
Richardson, Sage
Rayno, J. (of Raynor Bros.)
Russell, Sol S.
Riley, Jacob
Rice, Dick H.
Ross, P. (musician)
Summerfield, Dave (3)
Smith, W. A. T.
Sheffer, C. H.
Smith, R.
Spaulding, W. P.
Stanley, Ernest
Scrafford, Geo. E.
Snyder, Mark
Stapells, R. (agent)
Stirling, Jno. S.
Springer, C.
Stanley, W. E.
Swift, Frank
Sheley, A. J.
Spindler, G.
Spaugh, W. H.
Skelton, John
Smith, W. H. (Agent)
Shore, Mr.
Shaw, Gus
Silles, Billy
Steele, J. G.
Shay, Charlie
Southgate, Walter
Sellner, N. B.
Stumpel, Fritz
Stanley, Fred S.6c.
Sanford, J. (gymnast)
Sharpe, Geo. A.
Spencer, Jas.
Sherwood, Chas. E.
Shields, Geo. (circus)
Salisbury, Nelson W.
Thomson, W. L.
Tinkham, Ed.
Tracy, John
Trayner, Eddy
Tracy, Jno.
Thorpe, Henry
Tripp, Chas. B.
Tom Thumb's Agent
Terschak, Herr 13c.
Thornton, Chas.
Turner & Allen's Minst.
Toomey, W. F.
Turner & Lester
Victorelli, H.
Varella, Sol
Viner, Roland
Vandenworker, D.
Vegiard, Albert
Villa, San B.
Vincent, Chas. A.
Washburn, Leon
Well, G. Myer
Watkins, Harry (2)
Wilson, Chas. F.
Waldron, D. G.
Ward, Harry
Washington, F. J. (2)
Wildman, F. J. (2)
Wallace, B. W.
Wilder, J. S.
Whitney, Jerome
Whitney, Chas.
Worthington, Wm.
Wilson, Geo. (mins. "biz")
Ward, U. P.
Wheatle, Sig.
Winship, Jr., Geo.
Watkins, Rose and Mollie
Webb, G.
Wallace, Prof. W. E.
Weeks, E. C.
Wellock, Thos.
Wilder, Frank W.
Wilcox, Harry
Wood, Lew (of Wilson Bros.)
Whitney, Johnny
Watson, Billy
Walters, Al
Warwick, Louis R.
Weeks, Edward
Wright, Chas.
Wilson, Mike
Wheelan, T. J.
Wright, Mr. O.
Wyman, Alf. (comedian)
Welch, Fayette
Washburn, Antonio
Watson, Geo. W.
Yaeger, Chas.
Zemopolski, Gus
Zeltner, Xavier

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, May 25, '74.

The sensation of the past week was the marriage of the President's daughter to Mr. Sartoris, a blithe and bonny [Don't make this *bony*, Mr. Compositor.—ED.] son of Albion. The happy couple arrived in this city on Thursday evening, and we expected to see the *bridal* party in some of the *stalls* at Daly's, or at the Union-square Theatre; but a *tight rein* seems to have kept them in *check*, and under realistic dramatic *auspices* they passed the blissful hours away in receiving the congratulations of the friends and relatives of the family. May no *apple* of discord enter into the lives of this happy *pair*, and may their progress be fruitful of all that is lovely and healthful and joyful, until they reach the happy hunting-grounds of their fathers, and lie down in pleasant places. Next to the Nellie Grant excitement at the Capitol was "Washburn's Last Sensation," or, rather, his feelings on being elected to the United States Senate....Let it be recorded that hail and snow fell in different sections of the country on Thursday, May 21, and that Lydia Thompson sailed for England on Saturday, May 23; but what the two have to do with each other is no concern of the dear reader's. The fair Lydia has had a "walk over" ever since she made her debut in this country; and, though she has attracted a succession of *crowded* houses, yet her performances have been *barely* successful, and her balance-sheet can show nothing but *naked* results.

O Lydia Thompson, Lydia Thompson!
How oft we've viewed your lively romps on
The stage at Wood's and other houses,
Where your broad jokes and rude remarks
Deployed before our ardent gaze
And in your tights set all amaze!
How we shall miss your lovely limbs,
And twinkle of your eye!
O Lydia Thompson! fare you well—
Can you give back the sounding cymbal's swell
Of old Atlantic's surging sea,
May you from sickness e'er be free.
May sweetest dreams attend your sleep,
May bugs nor roaches o'er you creep,
Our blessings on you, likewise Jim's—
Good-bye, Lydia, O good-bye!

.....A man was calling "to see Jim" of a friend who "sat" in the house, steady, for two summers, and didn't think anything of it; but the boy looks upon "the set as a good thing, since it is a *double summer set!*" We might remark, *en passant* [In passing.—ED.], that if the weather doesn't improve, June will be indeed an extraordinary *fall* record *summer set in!*.....Rochefort has arrived at San Francisco, and there's money in him should he come into the hands of some enterprising showman. We have rejoiced that Stetson "Escaped from Sing Sing;" we have sung hosannas over others who have been "Trodden Down," "Branded for Life," and "Snatched from Death," and we can now sympathize with "The Gory Communist's Flight from Australia."....Some of the Western editors who have been visiting Gotham were a little off color in regard to our habits and customs, and seemed amazed at the cosmopolitan character of our great city. We invited one of them to visit the Jardin *Hippodrome*, but he declined on the ground that he *didn't understand the language!*.....And talking about connubialistics, Mr. Sartoris is not the only man who is to enjoy the felicity; for, as we have previously notified our readers, George Wood is about to join the *Grangers*. *George Would* be a *husbandman* as well as a managing man.....Mr. Barnum having announced the arrival of "The *Peerless* Victoria," "Our Jim" says that there are some vacant piers on the East River that she might get. James is ignorant of the fact that Mr. Barnum's Victoria is an aerolite, and not a water-sprite.....Up at the Coliseum they have "Lubin's Marionettes" among the other curiosities, and it is said that *Lubin extracts* many a *cent* from those who *assent* to the merit of his exhibition.....A correspondent who travels a good deal, and makes a note of strange things that come in his way, informs us that he lately saw the *Reiners* with the *Snow* brothers, at the same time that Hyatt *Frost* was talking to Dick *Rivers* in *Waters'* music store, and insisting, *weather* or not, that they should go in search of Tom Collins, and give him *Aetl!*.....It may be well to mention the fact that the Beauregard who last week appeared at the Lyceum Theatre is not the same party who created such a sensation in Charleston some years ago. The difference between them is this—the *former* is an *evening* star, while the latter, who was then a *shooting* star, has since become a *mourning* star.....And this reminds us of that other meteor who has just burst upon us, Victoria the wire-walker. Anxious to encourage artisans of every kind, we bid welcome to this new wire-worker, and tender her a tender line as she ascends upon her slender line:

VICTORIA!

Victoria, Victoria,
We see you glimmer in the air,
With glittering spangles sprinkled o'er,
E'en as a meteor springs to sight,
Darts upward, and is seen no more;
While in its train a myriad *sparks*
With firefly-twinkle dance and gleam,
And every object near and far
Borrows from it a passing gleam—
No sooner come than gone—its light
Doth for a moment on us flare,
And with a shout of joy we cry
Victory, victory, Victoria!

.....Since the failure of the New Park Theatre, a new historical novel—"The Downfall of the House of Stuart"—is said to be *in* press. We might suggest that it was *being out* of press that assisted in the downfall.....There is not a particle of truth in the rumor that Boston intends to get up another Jubilee. Another such affair would be as disastrous as was the big fire.....We much fear that the sanguine expectations of our circus friends have not been realized, thus far; for, though looking for a forward Spring, we have scarcely had any Spring at all, and the Grangers are in the dumps. However, better days are in store, and the Summer months may bring out the people in numbers equal to those which attend a free ox-roast.

.....A studious correspondent has been giving due heed to a careful reading of "Hamlet," and the conclusion this specious pleader has come to is, that the melancholy one's father and mother must have borne some resemblance to each other; for, says our wise correspondent, "doesn't Hamlet declare that his defunct sire hath an eye like *ma's* to threaten and command?" Common taters and other wedge-bubbles (as Unsworth says) take notice.....And this reference to common taters induces "Our Jim" to declare that the dish that contains a succulent vegetable reminds him of Boucicault's latest success, because it's a *lettuce tray!*....The gushing Lydia Thompson, having concluded her Fall and Winter campaign, is now about to re-embark for "Merrie England." The meddlesome James puts in: "Long may she *weave*."....We have had quite an anxious time with the Indiana editors. We took a pair of them to see that professional "backslider" King Sarbro, at the Metropolitan, and one of the twain wanted to know whether he was a *real* King; and, if so, how. We asked another one of the party to go with us to see "The Stranger." "Oh, no," says he; "*I'm* stranger enough myself, and don't care to make the acquaintance of any other." But here's where the man's forte showed out: when we invited him to descend the stair leading to a Broadway dive, he was "on it" in a minute, and no questions asked. When we requested another of the fraternity to go with us to see "Oliver Twist," he wanted to know what pleasure we could see in looking at any man twice? And he didn't go. When we suggested, instead, that he might take a look at "Camille," his eyes flashed fire, as he excl claimed: "That *suits* me! I always did like a menagerie show!" They have gone home.....Charlotte Cushman announces a charity reading for the Sheltering Arms. It is well to assist the sorrow-stricken and the mourning children, but in aiding the Sheltering Arms is she not *consoled* by the word *'uns?*....Hermann the prestidigitateur made a very favorable impression by his entertainments at the Academy of Music, notwithstanding his feats were of a *slight, off-hand* character. We took our landlady with us last Friday night, and she was so delighted with him that she has ever since been talking to people about *her man!* which sounds very strange to those who don't understand it. Don't *you* think so?.....Mr. Louis James' William Sykes, and Miss Frances Davenport's Ann (vulgarly called Nancy) Sykes, are among the best "Twist"-roles in Daly's latest ill-bred presentation. Miss Davenport, having served for a fashion-plate long enough, is now looming up as a powerful actress.....Dear friends—It is useless to tell you that our business requires more room, that our patrons are entitled to increased facilities and conveniences for the transaction of their affairs with THE CLIPPER; for you can see for yourselves that we are crowded, inside and out, and, like Oliver, our fellow-citizens of both sexes *doubly* pant for more, which makes a *pair* of pants; so we are soon to move our business office and post-office down below. [No, James; not down there, but down in the store underneath our present business and editorial rooms]; and, in honor of the event (which will eventuate in a week or two, or more, for bosses are somewhat slow in fulfilling their contracts about this season of the year), we offer the following:

OFFICIAL RHYMES.

Our public office grows too small—
It seems contracting every minute;
("Our Jim" declares that that's because
We have "contracting agents" in it.)
In anything, however fine,
There may be room for some improvement;
And so, to please our many friends,
We'll soon commence a "downward movement."

No longer need you climb the stair
To find your ever-welcome letters—
Those inside we'll bring fair,
Or furious creditors and debtors.
Below we'll have apartments fine,
Reserved for Thespia's sons and daughters,
Where actors and their *better halves*
Can read and write in *better quarters*.
There shall we greet the merry clown,
The silent student of the closet,
The "feather weight" and "heavy," the "match,"
And brings the requisite deposit;
The lights of operatic art,
The juggling brethren of the Morayia;
Aye, even ministers may call,
If on their very best behavior!
The manager of stately mien,
The dashing "light fantastic" tripper,
And all that fast-increasing throng
That seek the counsel of THE CLIPPER;
Will even have a friendly word
(A warning one, we ought to head it)
For editors who steal our jokes
And never even give us credit!

CITY SUMMARY.

NUMEROUS SCENES from the late Charles Dickens' novel of "Oliver Twist" were dramatically illustrated for the first time at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, on Tuesday evening, May 19. No attempt was made to present the story in a connected form; but, as the scenes and incidents of the novel appear to be generally familiar to the public, the performances were enjoyable. The characters presented, and their representatives, were as follows:

Oliver Twist	Bijou Heron
Mr. Brownlow	D. Whiting
Mr. Grimwig	John Moore
Mr. Bumble	W. Davidge
Monks	Hart Conway
Noah Claypole	J. G. Peakes
Giles	Mr. Gilbert
Brittles	Mr. Beekman
Dodger	Master Deveau
Officer of the court	Mrs. Bedwin
Mr. Sullivan	
Mr. Justice Fang	G. Devere
Mr. Bill Sykes	J. James
Charlotte	Miss N. Varlan
Mr. Fagin	C. Fisher
Mr. Peakes	
Toby Crackit	
Nancy Sykes	
Miss F. Davenport	
Mrs. Corney	
Mrs. G. H. Gilbert	
Rose Maylie	Miss A. Lennox

Nearly all of the scenery was new, and some of it very beautiful—notably so, the house where the robbery is committed, and a view of London Bridge. The scenes were at first presented in four acts, but subsequently the last act was divided, making five. Bijou Heron, by her impersonation of Oliver Twist, more than confirmed the good impression she had created by her acting of Adrienne in "Monsieur Alphonse." She seemed to understand the character thoroughly, and portrayed it in a natural and very artistic manner. Mr. Whiting gave a capital performance of Mr. Brownlow, and was admirably made up. John Moore, who is but seldom seen upon the boards, deserves commendation for a correct conception and able performance of Mr. Grimwig, who has a proclivity for eating his own head. We regret to make a shade of disappointment in Mr. Davidge's impersonation of Bumble, the parochial beadle. He lacked pomposity and officiousness, and his make-up was not what we anticipated. So good an artist could do nothing positively without merit. Hart Conway was effective as Monks the stranger. J. G. Peakes completely merged his own identity in that of Noah Claypole, and gave a clever piece of acting. George Devere invested Justice Fang with much character, and he was vigorous and lifelike. Bill Sykes found an able representative in Louis James, who presented the brutal and villainous side of the character in a strong light, and the personal appearance of the burglar was in complete harmony therewith. The peculiar costume worn by James Lewis as John Dawkins, better known as the Artful Dodger, excited the risibilities of the audience as he stepped upon the stage, and during the evening he kept them well amused. Illion Deveau made his first attempt at a character part since his appearance on the stage, and, as the bookseller, evinced skill in making-up, and dramatic talent, which only wants opportunity and practice to fully develop. As Nancy Sykes, Miss Fanny Davenport had ample opportunity for the display of the peculiar ability she first exhibited while acting Ruth Tredgett. She was quite successful in simulating the gait, manners, and appearance of that celebrated "moll." She did some excellent acting in the scene where she protects Oliver from the wrath of Fagin; also in the garret, when she endeavors to escape from Sykes to meet Brownlow and Rose Maylie; and subsequently in the dungeon, where she touched a chord of sympathy in the hearts of her audience by her pathetic acting, as many bedewed eyes attested. Her death-scene was well managed, and rendered less repulsive than it is generally represented. After Bill Sykes has partially strangled her during the struggle, they pass from the night of the audience, through a passage-way partially covered with an old shawl. Her death-groans are heard, and Bill, thinking his work complete, steals upon the stage, and, pulling on his coat, prepares for flight. The arms of Nancy are seen extended through the opening, and she slowly enters, calling in affectionate tones upon her murderer; and just as she has passed into the shade she utters a shriek and falls dead upon the stage, as the falling curtain conceals her from view. The curtain was thrice raised ere the applause of the audience ceased. Miss Davenport displayed marked ability for the effective personation of this kind of character, which future performances on the Gilbert presented a faithful picture of Mrs. Corney. Miss Adelaide Lennox did satisfactorily, the little required of her as Rose Maylie, and Nellie Mortimer and Nina Varian conscientiously discharged their duties. Charles Fisher gave a good, even performance of Fagin, but it lacked the intensity and nervous fear with which the late James W. Wallack invested the character. In the condemned cell, one hour before his execution, Mr. Fisher was seen at his best. His conception of the part was excellent, but he lacked at times the force and vigor to properly embody it. Judging from the very large audiences that during the week, it would seem as if a portion of the public had become satiated with society comedies. "Divorce" failed to attract, and "Monsieur Alphonse" to run as was expected; and now a melodrama crowds the auditorium, and it may possibly hold the boards until the close of the season.

"SHOO FLY!" which attained such great popularity on its first production at Bryant's Minstrels, was revived there on May 18, and given by the original performers—Dan Bryant and Dave Reed—who were enthusiastically applauded. In the first part, "Jenny with the Light Brown Hair," sung by W. Raymond, and "The Old Home is not What it Used to Be," by C. Templeton, constituted the changes. "Turn Him Out," "The Black Shakers" and "Divorce" were revived in the olio. T. Merchant has withdrawn from the company. The attendance continued large.

WORK is being pushed forward upon the new hall to be occupied by the San Francisco Minstrels during next season. The outer walls are finished, two stories having been added, which harmonize with other portions of the block. The frontage on Broadway is 100ft., and on Twenty-ninth street 75ft. The entire height of the building, inclusive of the stories on which the superstructure is being raised, will be about 50ft., which will leave to the half proper a height of some 38ft. The green and dressing-rooms will be situated in the wing on Twenty-ninth street.

J. K. EMMET and John R. Rogers sailed for England as was surmised, and Mr. Emmet commences an engagement at Brighton, Eng., to-night, May 25.

THE LAST NIGHT of the regular season at the Theatre Comique was May 23. The principal part of the company started upon a traveling tour on May 18, and the majority of those performing during the past week were especially engaged. R. M. Smith met with favor in singing character comic songs, and later in the evening he performed a tamborine solo, which was lavishly applauded. Comic songs by the General; an operatic sketch called "A Terrible Fix," performed by James Collins and Martha Wren; songs by Nully Pieris; an Irish song-and-dance by R. M. Carroll; a jig by Kitty O'Neil; Diamond and Ryan in songs-and-dances; and the sketches of "Mr. and Mrs. Brown" and "The Baby Elephant," introducing Charles White, Frank Kerns (who made his first appearance since his return from Florida, and was warmly welcomed), J. A. Graver, J. F. Crossen and D. L. Kelly, constituted the olio. The closing sketch, entitled "America, or Our Country's Progress," was written by John F. Poole for the express purpose of displaying a series of historical paintings from the pencil of R. L. Weed, the scenic artist of the theatre. A veteran soldier of the late war, who supports himself by grinding a hand-organ upon the street, is supposed to see in a dream the scenes depicted upon canvas, and around this incident the author has woven a collection of comical scenes and situations, which produce much laughter. The paintings were displayed in the centre of the stage, being set into the flats and illuminated by a calcium light placed behind them. The events depicted included the landing of Columbus, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the battle of Bunker Hill, the surrender of Cornwallis, the battle of New Orleans, Hull's naval victory, the storming of Chapultepec, and Lee's surrender to General Grant. They were liberally applauded, and reflect credit upon the artist. Attendance large. This week a new dramatic season will be commenced under the management of T. L. Donnelly and John F. Poole, with John Thompson as the first star, acting in "On Hand." Nelse Waldron's benefit, on Tuesday afternoon last, was largely attended.

LOUIS ALDRICH was the attraction at Wood's Museum during the expired week. He acted at the matinees in a comedy entitled "Fun," and in the evenings in a drama called "Justice," both from the pen of Mrs. Lafitte Johnson. On Friday evening "Blackeyed Susan" was added to the bill, and it was repeated the following evening. Mr. Aldrich is a careful, conscientious actor, and his impersonation of Robert, the chief character in "Justice," evinced thought and study. He has a fine stage appearance, a melodious voice, and his manners are easy and graceful. De Sivry was acted by T. W. Keene in his accustomed style of excellence. De Vermicelli was carefully portrayed by Harry Stewart. Harry Colton was earnest and impassioned as Adrian, and bids fair to become a favorite. A. H. Sheldon took his customary liberties with the text, and kept his auditors in the best of humor. Miss Gussie De Forrest displayed feeling and earnestness in her portrayal of Blanche, and Miss Maggie Therese Wood, Nellie Sanford and Aggie Wood were sprightly and vivacious in their respective roles. "Justice" is decidedly a one-part drama, and consequently offers but little opportunity for the display of histrionic ability, save in the character of Robert. The story is concisely told, the climax is reached in a natural and effective manner, and each act terminates with a situation of great interest. The attendance fluctuated between good and indifferent. This week Sidney France is to act in "Marked for Life" at the evening performances, and Miss Sophie Miller in "The Orphan Girl" at the matinees. Bakeman and Farron in "Chris and Lena" are announced for June 1.

A SUMMER SEASON was inaugurated at the Olympic Theatre on May 18. "The Irish Doctor" introduced James Vincent, A. J. Leavitt, J. W. Myers, Mr. Belamy, Augie Stewart, and Fanny Howard. Miss Fay gave "Irish Oratory." Allen's Minstrels gave a first-part. John Allen and Joe Lang were on the ends in black faces, and the remainder appeared without cork upon their countenances. Signor Abecco was the interlocutor, and, with the exception of S. Holdsworth and G. A. Clark, the orchestra was made up of the members of the orchestra and some twelve ladies seated in a semicircle upon a raised platform in the rear of the males. Their performances were quite satisfactory. Miss Alicia Jourdan, who made her metropolitan debut, sang character songs with quick changes, in which she was pleasing, and displayed a handsome attire of nearly faultless fit. With the exception of wearing her hair too long at the back of the head, her make-up and general appearance were commendable. Signor Abecco sang the ballad of "Columbia," and performed a harp solo entitled "Lays of Many Lands." Princess Rhea and Sheridan gave the ballad "Carrie Lee." Angie Schott gave her illusion styled "Masks and Faces." The "boy wonder" Eustache, a female impersonator, met with success in singing burlesque operatic airs. His make-up and manners were so excellent that one would believe that it was Miss Kate Fisher who was appearing. Allen's Minstrels created considerable merriment in "Happy Moments." Sheridan and Mack performed their musical sketch of "Schneider's Letter," and the sketches of "Dr. Cureall" and "High Jack the Heeler" filled out the bill. Business fair. William Sinclair and an illusion called "The Three Cherubs" are the novelties this week.

THE SEASON CLOSED at the Metropolitan Theatre with the performance of May 23. As the regular company were amusing the Bostonians during the past week, all the performers here were fresh appearances, and Carrie Armstrong quite put the audience in the best of humor by their comicalities in a Dutch farce called "The Boarding-house," Prof. Fox gave his excellent imitations of birds and animals, and Prof. O'Reardon his tumbleroniccon performances. Katie Shaw, whose merits we recently reviewed, sang serio-comic songs. The musical performances of the Praeger Family, consisting of one lady and two gentlemen, included Tyrolean songs and warblings, the "Cat Duet," a duet upon violins, with trick playing, and performances upon the melophone and mandoline. They are skilled musicians, and their entertainment is pleasing. Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman were liberally applauded in "The Shootzen Guards," their Dutch dialect being very good. Bessie Sudlow sang ballads. King Sarbro gave his backward descent on a tight-rope, and the sketch of "Ghostly," wherein Mr. Sarbro exhibits The Human Fly, concluded the programme. The stock company will open at the Olympic Theatre, in Brooklyn, on June 1, with a new play, written expressly for the season by Messrs. Fox and Pastor, entitled "Fun in a Fog." Miss Fanny Davenport will be the star.

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AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bay City, Mich., Miss Robinson, club swinger, and the Lessinger Brothers, song-and-dance, opened May 18. Master Bobby and the Monte Family closed 23. Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta are underlined for June 1.

GRACIE, ROSE AND MRS. DE BAR, Mabel Gray, Billy Maloney, and Harry Russell, closed at the Adelphi Theatre, Green Bay, Wis., May 23. The Richmond Sisters, Emma Cooper, Dora De Vries, Ella Walcott, C. J. Eccles, James Leslie, Frank Lathrop, Prof. Hathaway, Sig. Francesco, and Gus Du Bois are billed for May 25.

A SONG-AND-DANCE LADY, and one who can play upon the organ and in farces, are wanted by D. S. Gerry, to travel through Canada. See card.

GILMORE & JOWS' COMBINATION, with which the lightweight boxers Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers are traveling, will be at Williamsport, Pa., May 26, Lockhaven 27, Emporium 28, Warren 29, Corry 30, Titusville June 1, Oil City 2, Franklin 3.

FEMALE PERFORMERS, a negro comedian and a comic singer are wanted by Harry Hill, who advertises.

LITTLE DELMAR is so seriously ill at Lowell, Mass., that her recovery is considered doubtful.

THOMAS & HEENEY, illuminated clog statuesques, appear at New Haven, Ct., May 25, and Lowell, Mass., June 1. They publish elsewhere a card of recommendation from J. J. McCloskey.

DELEHANTY & HENGLER'S NOVELTY COMPANY will show at Schenectady, N. Y., May 27, Saratoga 28, Cohoes 29, Troy 30, Albany June 1.

CHARLES VIVIAN and his company performed at Eugene City, Oregon, April 20, 21, 23.

THE REOPENING of the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., took place on May 18. Our correspondent says: "An audience was present which completely filled the theatre in every part. Since the fire the entire building has been remodeled, the stage enlarged to nearly double its former size, the auditorium shortened and widened, and the ceiling, walls and proscenium have been handsomely frescoed. The present officers of the house are: Managers, J. Ely; stage-manager, J. W. Berkley; machinist, Ben. Kerr. The performance commenced with a first part, J. W. Berkley in the centre and Billy Gray and Frank Steel on the ends. The Barlow Brothers next appeared in their clock-working jig, which was well received. They afterwards appeared in a double song-and-dance, and were recalled four times. Little Popsey followed in character cl'anges, which for a child were very fair. The comic sketch 'Gray's Hospital' created much mirth. La Belle Pauline, in songs of the period, made a favorable impression, as did also Miss Crissie Morrell in her vocal gems. They are both pretty, fine dressers, and have excellent voices. The feature of the performance was the transformation dance by Miss Frankie Berkley, in which she made a complete change of costume from boy to girl in the incredibly short space of seven seconds. Mlle. Bassoure sang several songs in a satisfactory manner. Scotch Jennie and Mlle. Sallie was only fair. The Morton Sisters, Pauline and Ida, appeared in a sensational dance, which met with great favor. A one-act drama, entitled 'The Pride of Cuba,' terminated the performances. All of the present company remain next week, and there will be no new arrivals. Hatty Rogers, who was engaged for the opening, failed to appear, and made another engagement without notifying Mr. Ely.....Hart & Byman's Combination commenced an engagement of three nights at Masonic Temple on the 18th. Business was only fair.....The Great Eastern Combination, which formed here last week, gave three performances at Masonic Temple, commencing on the 18th, and closing on the 20th. Their average receipts were about ten dollars a night; and as the hall-rent alone was forty-five dollars per night, the manager found it a losing investment."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Montreal, Canada, the members of the company have been playing on shares since May 18, the management having given up business. Frank Bianchi, Sam Collins, Miss Blanche Clifton, and a few other members of the company, in conjunction with the Rosario Gymnastic Quartet, have organized a traveling combination troupe. They open for two nights on May 25, at Mechanics' Hall.

MISS CLARA BOGERT of the Bogert Sisters was married on May 3 to D. Brunsance of Philadelphia.

CHARLES LEONI of Leoni's Opera-house, Kansas City, Mo., "skipped" that town, taking with him the entire receipts, and, it is said, leaving performers and attaches unpaid.

THE GARETTA SPECIALTY COMBINATION, under management of John L. Sanford, occupied the Capitol Theatre, Albany, N. Y., during the past week, and although presenting a passably good entertainment, and having but little opposition to contend against, still failed to attract remunerative audiences. The salient features were the farces of "The Rough Diamond" and "An Object of Interest," in which the principal roles were cleverly interpreted by John and Nellie Sanford, sentimental ballads by A. Hamilton and Nettie Taylor, Cooper and Fields in songs-and-dances, Irish and negro sketches by J. H. O'Neil, Dutch effusions by Billy Wylie, Senor Monta exhibited his equilibristic powers on the crystal ladder, and Mlle. Eugenie Forresta, a handsome, well-formed lady, gave an interesting performance upon a revolving globe, introducing juggling, hat spinning, and other specialties, which were well rendered and loudly applauded. The entertainment concluded with "Pongo," Senor Monta essaying the humorous ape, and the company assuming the remaining parts. The route of this combination is: Springfield, Mass., May 25, Providence, R. I., 27, 28, Taunton, Mass., 29, Lowell 30, New Bedford June 1, Fall River 2, Newport 3, Jersey City, N. J., 8, for one week. The regular company attached to this theatre returns on the 25th, on which date Miss Fanny Herring is to appear.....Mrs. Oates and company drew a pretty good house to Martin Hall May 23, and "Madame Angot's Child," which was sung on the occasion, gave the very best of satisfaction. Mrs. Oates and Charles Drew were honored with a call at the end of the first act, while Miss Nelly Larkelle, W. H. Crane, Harry Allen, J. H. Jones, Wm. Howes, Wm. Hall, and the others comprising the cast, were all liberally applauded for their excellent singing and acting.....Frank Lawlor is in this city on a visit to his mother. Correspondence dated May 24.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Albany, N. Y., David Bradt, proprietor, collapsed on May 19. Most of the company have procured engagements elsewhere, and have left the city. James Welch, who was stage-manager during the last two months, has engaged Sanford's Hall, Amsterdam, N. Y., it being his intention to run it as a variety theatre for a short season.....At the Germania Variety the Jerome Family are the principal cards.

R. W. BUTLER'S TROUPE from the Metropolitan Theatre, Broadway, New York, opened a two weeks' engagement at Howard Athenæum, Boston, on May 19, and, says our correspondent, "have given an excellent bill all the week to capital business. The entertainment opened with a first-part devoted to minstrelsy, in which the California Quartet, well and favorably known in Boston, sang some beautiful part songs, and solos. Lulie Schoolcraft returned to act as Bones, and Geo. Coes as Interlocutor, while Ned Fox made a fair Tambo. In the second part Miss Winetta Montague appeared to advantage. Master Barney and Sam Rickey were greeted with an enthusiastic welcome in their funny sketch of 'Taking the Pledge,' Wayne and Lovely proved to be excellent song-and-dance men, and Sandie Wilson was rather amusing as 'The Musical Mokes.' The Orrin Brothers are clever gymnasts, and were heartily applauded in their acts, receiving in one the assistance of Mlle. Lucia. Queen and West in their amusing song-and-dance, 'The Morning Glories,' and the farce of 'A Slippery Day,' in which the old Saltown favorite, Geo. F. Ketchum appeared, filled out the pleasing bill. On May 25 Bessie Sudlow opens. The troupe will close May 30."

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Jackson, Mich., Frank Harrington and Arthur Mendel appeared May 18. The latter's services were dispensed with after one performance. Kate Montrose, Laura Hughey, and John McVeigh are to appear May 25, McVeigh taking charge of the stage.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., the feature of the programme was the production of "New York as it Was," with Geo. B. Radcliff as Mose, Miss Loder as Lize, J. H. Carle as Major Gates, and Jake Budd as Isaac recently arrived Dutchman. The fire scene was exciting and well managed. Miss Loder has greatly improved in voice, having almost entirely recovered from the effects of her recent illness. The departures May 23 were Josie Atkinson, the Smith Sisters, Mlle. Kurtz, and J. H. Carle, to the Baltimore Opera-house; Minnie Loder, Grand Central, Philadelphia; and Gilday and Gilson, Richmond. May 25, Miss Adelaide Placide appears in the sensational drama of "Little Rifle," supported by Charles Emmet, Laura Harrison, T. E. McSorley, and the regular company. Maggie Gray, banjoist, and Frank Goldie, clog-dancer, appear same date. Advices dated May 24.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., continues to do an excellent business. Wm. McAllister, Irish song-and-dance, and Emma Minetta were the new attractions the past week.

BUSINESS was good at the Washington Varieties, Providence, R. I., the past week. Gussie Lameraux was announced, but was prevented by sickness from appearing. Jimmy Roach and Dan De Vere opened May 18, and have been well received. Mazora Arnoldi, song-and-dance, appeared 21, and has been received with loud applause each night. Thomas and Heeney closed 23d, opening in New Haven 25. Annie Fox closed same date, and goes to Boston.

JOSH HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE COMPANY, while performing at Newark, N. J., on May 19, was attached by the Sheriff, who seized the moneys, wardrobe and properties thereof. The attachment was made upon a suit brought against Josh Hart by George W. Childs, of *The Philadelphia Ledger*, to recover $1,700 alleged to be due for printing. Security was immediately given the Sheriff, and the property was released. The case will come before a Sheriff's jury on June 1. On Saturday afternoon we interviewed Mr. Hart regarding this occurrence, when he made the following statement: "This attachment of the show was a flagrant outrage, firstly because I have no pecuniary interest in it at the present time, having transferred my company and the use of my name for the Summer season to my treasurer, Mr. Topham, who is to pay me therefor the sum of $3,000; secondly, this bill is mostly for printing ordered when I was the manager of Tammany, I had no pecuniary interest in that management, my name being used, and I ordered printing, advertising, and contracted other debts, as any agent would for his principal. I owe *The Ledger* job office a small amount of money, for which I gave J. E. Jackson, some years ago, my note for the amount due, and have notified the present manager of that job office that when my note is presented it will be promptly paid. A legal investigation, which I court, will set the matter right before the public. I have been doing business for several years with my name at the head of my bills at the Theatre Comique, and it appears to me that this attachment against the show in New Jersey is, to say the least, mysterious."

ED. HARRIGAN, while performing with Josh Hart's Theatre Comique Combination at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., on May 23, upon returning to his dressing-room from the stage, discovered that his watch and chain, valued at $500, and $7 in money were missing. Thinking that one of the company might have played a joke upon him, he said nothing until the close of the performances, when he began to make inquiries, and was told that Emil Wesner, a French Canadian, who had joined the company the week before as musical director, bore a somewhat questionable reputation. Mr. Harrigan came to New York and notified Detective Dunn, who, on Sunday, succeeded in tracing Wesner to a hotel in East Houston street, where he arrested him wearing Harrigan's watch and chain. On being taken to the detective's office he attempted to throw the property out of the window, but was prevented from doing so and locked up.

AT SMITH'S OPERA-HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., there has been no changes in the company since last week. Miss Nellie Brooks, serio-comic and sketches, is gaining favor. Wm. Carleton and Frankie Kent are warmly applauded in their duets. Dan Mason, Dutch comedian, who has made himself popular there, closes May 23, and goes to Bay City for two weeks. Annie Clarke, serio-comic, and the Richmond Sisters, song-and-dance, are underlined for the 25th; Harry Wilkinson, comedian, for June 1; and Cogill and Cooper, song-and-dance, for June 15. Business moderate.

MATT STEEN advertises for first-class artists for Kossuth Variety Garden, Troy, N. Y.

STETSON'S STAR COMBINATION gave two entertainments in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., May 18, 19, to large and well-satisfied audiences.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., has been very good during the past week. The Jackley Family, acrobats, have been the feature, and have drawn crowded houses. They are eleven in number, and well organized. The Waite Sisters still remain. Quilter and Goldrich close May 23, going to Philadelphia. The Summer season is to be inaugurated June 1, with an entire new company.....There was only one arrival at Deagle's Theatre this week—Miss Mollie Taylor, leading lady—all the last week's features remain. Tony Pastor and his troupe have tendered Manager Deagle a benefit, to take place at the Olympic on the 24th (Sunday). Wm. J. Stanton, stage-manager, has been confined to his room with fever. Business satisfactory.....Tony Pastor and his company have been performing to excellent business at the Olympic Theatre all the past week. Date of correspondence, May 22.

AT GERMANIA HALL, Scranton, Pa., Frank Gayton opened on May 18; he does a good banjo solo. Harry Gardner and Mlle. Rochelle open on the 25th. Fred Morton and Celia Berry closed on the 23d. Miss Florence Cecil of the Cecil Sisters closed on the 20th, and went to New York for a vacation.

THE VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., is now under the proprietorship of C. T. Tooker and G. W. Rhea, with C. T. Tooker as manager. J. P. Hill, gymnast, and Sam R. Orme, Ethiopian comedian, made their first appearances on May 19, and Miss Jennie Cels on the 20th. She was well received in her serio-comic songs. Mlle. Christine, vocalist, and Miss Kitty Whitland, song-and-dance, open on May 25. Miss Katie Howard closed on the 22d, and opens at Baltimore, Md., on the 25th."

IT IS THE SAME STORY at the Detroit Theatre Comique—large audiences. A female-minstrel scene was added on May 18 by the company, and, giving satisfaction, has been kept on all week. Those closing May 23 were Sallie Swift, Worden and Mack, and Robt. V. Ferguson, who goes to Chicago to manage Haight's New Varieties. On the 25th are announced M. and Cora Austin, Minnie Grey, Tommy Neal, and James Neary.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER in their specialties, Andy and Annie Hughes in Irish character songs-and-dances, and John Morris in his mystic changes, performed at Auburn, N. Y., May 21, Oswego 22, Watertown 23.

SHEFFER AND DREW opened at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O., May 18. They are very good in their songs-and-dances. Sheffer on the end is excellent. James Neary goes to Detroit, Mich., May 25. The Nina Bros. to Shelby's, Buffalo, May 25. The people announced there for the 25th are Sallie Swift, Julia Bennett, Worden and Mack, and Frank Bell.

HARRY BLOODGOOD'S COMIQUE ALLIANCE, now on an extended tour under Alex. Calhoun's management, appeared at Roberts' Opera-house, Hartford, Ct., on May 22, to a large audience. The entertainment opened with a minstrel first-part, with Frothingham as interrogator, Bloodgood and E. M. Hall occupying the ends. Their fresh and mirth-provoking witticisms, coupled with the fine vocalisms of the Boston Quartet, Lisle Riddell and Miss De Mont making it very enjoyable. Pensley and Hughes opened the olio with a neat and clever song-and-dances, followed by Bloodgood as "The Funny Old Gal." E. M. Hall manipulated the banjo, Lisle Riddell sang serio-comic songs, the Boston Quartet appeared in vocal selections, Pat Rooney, a favorite Irish comedian, vocalist and dancer, in his specialties; Bloodgood gave his views on "The Temperance Crusade," Josie Granger vocalized, and the show concluded with the laughable sketch entitled "Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," in which Mazora Arnoldi closed on the 20th, going to Providence, R. I., and on the 23d the Burton Brothers closed, one going home to New Brunswick, N. J., and the other, Clarence, joins Heywood's Combination, near Boston, to work double with Billy St. George, late St. George and Gibbons. The announcements for the 25th are Bloodgood and Ryan, Robert Hall, Lisle Delmar and Ella Love. On the 26th this company will give an entertainment at Roberts' Opera-house. Correspondence dated May 24.

AT THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES, New Haven, Ct., business was good throughout the past week. Cerito and the St. Felix Ballet Troupe, the last two appearances, met with much applause. On the 23d, Little Lamore of the St. Felix Ballet Troupe was presented with a gold-headed cane, to be used in her character songs. The departures were Jennie Wade, to New York; Scott and Bryant, to Hooley's, Brooklyn; M. C. Healy and Ella Saunders, to Hartford; the Leroux Brothers and Geo. Richmond, to New York. On the 25th, St. Felix Troupe, and John Latour remain the coming week. The announcements for the 25th are the Warren Sisters, Geo. Warren, Thomas and Heeney, and Luke and Clarke. Advices dated May 24.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY is billed at Terre Haute, Ind., for Indianapolis 26, New Albany 27, Louisville, Ky., 28, 29, 30, Bowling Green, Ky., June 1, Canton 2, Akron 3, Cleveland 4, 5, 6.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to the 22d inst. is furnished by our correspondent as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique, since last writing, the following people have closed: Lo-Loand the De Gloria, Monk Joseph, and the Tyrolean Warblers, the latter troupe being now engaged to sing in an uptown garden. The new appearances on Monday were Harry Brown, a good character singer, whose success has been all that could be desired; Tom Harper, the one-legged song-and-dance man, who finds his way readily into the sympathy and good graces of his audiences; May Florence, a very fair balladist; and last, though not least, Annie Hindle, whose changes have proved one of the best cards on the bills. The programme, besides the acts of the new people, has been made up of a first-part, with Ned Goss and R. Thompson as Bambos, Jim Fox and Hooley as Sambos, and Nellie Steele and May Florence as balladists; the excellent club-swinging of De Witt Cook; Hooley and Thompson, and Goss and Fox in songs-and-dances; Abbey Sands and La Belle Helene in dances; Ricardo Frary and Nellie Steele in duets; Mlle. Cora and M. Austin in their double-trapeze act; Minnie Grey in songs-and-dances; Maud De Lisle in motto songs, which take immensely, and a farce by Mlle. Helene, Harry Bernard, Goss and Thompson. On Wednesday, an infant jig-dancer, Master Clifton, appeared, and did well. The performers closing to-morrow: De Witt Cook, Abbey Sands, Hooley and Thompson, who go to Nashville; Mlle. Cora and M. Austin, who are engaged at Detroit, for two weeks, and then go to Chicago; Minnie Gray, same destination; and Maud De Lisle, who remains here for the present. The new appearances on Monday are to be Zegrino and Moulton, gymnasts; Conners and Lewis, song-and-dancers; Ned West, comedian; and Lotta Montford, serio-comic vocalist. Business continues excellent.....At the Adelphi Varieties, the new people this week have been Harry Bloodgood and Jimmy Allen, comedians. Nellie Holloway has closed. M. A. Griffin and Mike Keating take a joint benefit on this (Friday) evening, when a number of amateur boxers are to be on the stage. Sadie Lloyd, Kate Ratlidge, Chris. Ransom and Willie Hendley are the other performers. Biz. very fair."

PITTSBURG, Pa., advices of May 23: "Cogill and Cooper, Marion Young, Charles Young and Rose Lee were presented to the people at Martin's New Variety Theatre on the 18th. 'Hemmed In,' by Messrs. Hart, Dobson, Conway and Lizzie Conway; Ethiopian eccentricities, by Johnny Shay; banjoistic manipulations, by Charles Dobson; dances, by Mlle. Etta, etc., served to make up an enjoyable programme.....Mr. J. H. Dulworth, Miss Ella Westella, the Dulworth Family—Lizzie, Nellie and Master Dick—Miss Josie Warner, Mons. Geo. Ruloff and Master Add Weaver were the additions to the company at the Olympic Theatre on May 18. Mr. Budworth's songs and comicalities met with much favor, and he was obliged to respond to a number of encores. The songs of the Robinson Family were well rendered, considering the fact that they are children. The gymnastic feats of Mons. Ruloff were very creditably accomplished, his leap through midair gaining for him deserved applause. The other new-comers made favorable impressions in their specialties. The Collins Brothers close 23d, and go to Shelby's, Buffalo, for two weeks; also Frank Bell, who goes to Toledo O., for two weeks. Business good. Advices dated May 22.

AT ACKER'S VARIETIES, Troy, N. Y., Diamond and Ryan and E. N. Shimer were announced on the bills to open on May 19, but, says our correspondent, for reasons best known to themselves, failed to connect.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the programme given during the week ending May 22 embraced, as novel features, the ventriloquial and magical feats of Professor Pharaz, and the comedietta of "Too Suspicious," which served the purpose of introducing Miss Fannie Montclair in the principal role. The Schroeter Sisters, Miles. De Rosa and Emma, Katie Wilson and the Western Sisters were seen to advantage in the new ballet of "La Sultana." On the 25th Miss Ida Raymond in the sensational drama of "Arkansas Kit;" Miss Minnie Loder, the Tony Hernandez Combination, and the Howe Sisters will be the additional attraction. E. T. Stetson appears at this theatre on the 1st of June.

HOWARD PAUL proposes visiting the United States this year, and will appear in his well-known entertainments. Managers of variety halls are referred, for particulars, to his card in our business department.

AT EWENS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the attendance during the week ending May 23 was excellent, the new features being the Paul Martinetti Pantomime Troupe, and Mons. Velarde and Mlle. Marzetti in their graceful terpsichorean evolutions. The production of the pantomime of "Jocko" enabled Paul Martinetti an opportunity to display his pantomimic talent. Prof. J. L. Davis' trained dogs, Blanche Stanley, Martha Wrex and James Collins, and Quilter and Goldrich play here, in addition to the regular company, during the week ending May 30, the theatre then closing after an uninterrupted season of seventy-seven weeks. During the Summer vacation, the theatre will be enlarged, remodeled and rebuilt in time for the opening of the regular Fall and Winter season on the 31st of August.

AT MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new faces on the 18th inst. were Robert Ellwood, Mons. Florentine and Mlle. Zephy. Ellwood elicited much approbation by his excellent acting in his protean drama of "The Boy Gambler." Mons. Florentine's "Hindoo Box Mystery," and Mlle. Zephy's dances, also met with approval. Messrs. Charles Douglass and John Skillman, attaches of this theatre, had a large attendance at their benefit on the 20th inst. Philip Heath, ventriloquist, and Harry Flood, pedestal-clog dancer, will make their first appearance here on the 25th inst., when John Manning's sketch of "Fast Men and Fast Women" will be produced for the first time.

KITTY WHITLAND, song-and dance artist, inserts a card in another column, to which we refer managers.

THE WAITE SISTERS, vocalists, dancers and burlesque artists, now performing at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., will be at liberty June 8, for three weeks, and can be advertised.

DAVID HAWLEY, gymnast, is referred to E. S. Washburn's card in our business department.

PENDY, song-and-dance artist and comedian, is referred to also in a recent issue of *The Rome* (N. Y.) *Sentinel*:

MADAME RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS.—* * * Pendy, as comedian, kept the house in a constant roar of laughter, and, in a negro sketch, gave scenes from "Hamlet," in close imitation of E. L. Davenport, the scene with Ophelia being particularly good. Pendy as a black face it was acted with far more than ordinary intelligence. * * * Burlesque of "Fra Diavolo," in which Pendy gave songs-and-dances, which were enthusiastically encored.

DELEHANTY & HENGLER'S NOVELTY COMBINATION is thus spoken of by *The Sunday News* of Buffalo, N. Y., of May 17:

Last evening the Academy of Music was crowded to suffocation to witness the performances given by the Delehanty & Hengler Novelty Company. Without a doubt, it is the finest troupe that has ever been in a long time, and the songs-and-dances are immense. The great feature of the entertainment is that every act is entirely new and novel, and in every respect different from anything we ever saw before.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MAGUIRE'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS inaugurated their season at the Opera-house, San Francisco, on May 11, appearing before a numerous and appreciative audience. Our correspondent says: "The old favorites were warmly received, and their varied acts, although many of them were familiar, were given and accepted with a zest which exhibited how strong a hold minstrelsy has upon the consideration of theatre-goers in San Francisco. The programme that was to be seen nightly during the week is appended: 'Mollie Darling,' G. W. Harley; 'Shine On,' Frank Ober; 'Home Memories,' W. F. Baker; 'Nobody Knows,' Billy Sweetnam; 'I'm Lonely To-night,' J. G. Russell; gymnastic feats, Carlo Family; song-and-dance, Welch and Rice; 'A Good Night's Rest,' Little Mac, Charley Reed and Richards; Dutch songs, Geo. S. Knight; 'The Serenade,' Billy Sweetnam, Jennie Welch and Charley Reed; and 'A Quiet Life,' characters by Sweetnam, Reed, Welch and Jennie Sherman. Mr. Bobby Newcomb joins the company on the 18th."

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS opened at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., on May 22, to a jammed house. The entertainment throughout was first-class, and the programme, although not very long, was varied and original. In their first part the ballad singing of Dave Wambold and Beaumont Read were noticeable features. Billy Birch and Backus on the ends created much merriment, many of their gags being new. In the olio principal features were Wambold and Powers in songs-and-dances; Charley Backus in "Living Pictures;" "Grand Dutch Cheese Opera," in which Ricardo appeared as Nilsson and made a hit; an act called "The Milliners" (a new substitute for the old act "The Wig Makers"); and the performance closed with the Ethiopian comedy, by Billy Birch, entitled "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which Ricardo, Backus, Birch, Powers and Henry appeared. They give another performance on the 23d.....Delehanty & Hengler's Minstrels are announced for the 30th. Correspondence May 23.

THE ELEVENTH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, was closed during the week ending May 23 by a minstrel troupe, including Sam S. Sandford, Dan Gardner, Billy Porter, Ole Bull Myers, Geo. W. Horn, Paul Berger, Frank Devere, W. Howard, J. Lynch, A. Hulmes, C. Chase, J. Kline, J. Barth and R. Lindsay, with business agent Mr. Thomas B. McNeal. A programme of "old-time" minstrelsy was given, concluding with the Ethiopian burlesque opera of "Oh! Hush." The attendance was fair.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are billed at Green Bay, Wis., May 28, Oconto 29, Menomonee 30, Escanoba, June 1.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS performed at Lacrosse, Wis., May 18, Winona, Minn., 19, Lake City 20, Red Wing 21, Duluth 22, 23.

EMMETT & RIPLEY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS have disbanded.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS show at Detroit, Mich., May 25, 26, Sandusky, O., 27, Toledo 28, Adrian, Mich., 29, 30, Ann Arbor 30.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS did only a fair business at the Brooklyn Park Theatre, during the week ending May 23, though they presented an excellent performance.

COOL WHITE introduces his Virginia Minstrels at Hooley's Brooklyn Opera-house on May 25.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS' route is Detroit, Mich., May 25, 26, Ann Arbor 27, Ypsilanti 28, Pontiac 29, Port Huron 30. Chas. Keeshin is still in advance.

CANCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS are billed at Lafayette, Ind., May 25, Toledo, O., 27, Cleveland, O., 28.

CIRCUSES.

CARRINGTON & CO.'S PAVILION SHOW will be put upon the road about July 1. Elsewhere they advertise for performers and show material, also for a partner with cash.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS is to exhibit on the Colosseum Grounds, Boston, Mass., five days, commencing May 25, Cambridgeport 30, Charlestown June 1, Chelsea 2, East Boston 3, Lynn 4, Gloucester 5, Newburyport 6. Business is reported as excellent.

GEORGE WAMBOLD and his infant son George, acrobats, with a troupe of dogs and monkeys, are at liberty, and can be addressed for the remainder of the season by addressing as per card.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE was at Coldwater, Mich., May 20, Hillsdale 21. The Madagascar Family left the sideshow at the former place. Billed for May 29, 30, at Detroit, Mich.

D. A. SEAL has recovered from the effects of his late accident, which gave him a broken arm, and he is now leaping as well as ever with Cole's New York and New Orleans Circus, which showed at Rock Island, Ill., May 22, Davenport, Ia., 23. Route: Iowa City 25, Marengo 26, Newton 27, Indianola 28, Winterset 29, Des Moines 30.

JEAN and infant son of Eugene and Irene Martinez, gymnasts, died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, at the age of 15 months.

MISS LOUISE BEATTY, a sister of Eugene Martinez the knife-thrower, died at Wilmington, Del., April 18, at the age of 22 years and 3 months.

GEORGE FIELDS has joined the Great Southern Museum and Menagerie as general advertising agent. Route: Richmond, Va., May 25, 26, Louisa C. H. 27, Waynesboro 28, Staunton 29, Charlottesville 30, Harrisonburg June 1, Woodstock 2, Winchester 3, Charlestown 4, Martinsburg 5, Piedmont 6.

G. G. GRADY'S CIRCUS, MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE exhibited at Kirksville, Mo., May 22, Edina 24. Route: Memphis 25, Milton, Ia., 26, Bloomfield 27, Ottumwa 28, Eddyville 29, Oskaloosa 30, Sigourney June 1, Keota 2, Washington 3, Winfield 4, New London 5, Fort Madison 6.

STICKNEY & SON'S WORLD'S CIRCUS comprises the following management and people: S. P. Stickney, Sr., director; A. G. Cambridge, business manager; J. J. Showles, contracting agent; C. E. Dugane, programme agent; O. R. Perry, leader of band; P. Murphy, chief billposter; Mlle. Minnie Soaman, female rider; Mlle. Elise De La Rue, gymnast; Little Alice, the child wonder; Mlle. Marri, cords elastique; Messrs. Charles Seals, principal rider; Charles Sandford, hurdle rider; Sam Stickney, clown; Herr Morgan, double somersault; Edward Mills, cynocephalus, or man-monkey; Prof. Samwells, juggler; the Miasco Brothers, Russian athletes; the Gorman Brothers, character delineators; Hadley, Gibson, Ulmer, Agust, Nixon, Gentle, Clarke, Williams, O'Neal, Horn, and auxiliaries. It was billed to open at Montreal, Canada, May 21, but had to postpone to the 22d, on account of continuous heavy rain. Route through Canada: Beauharnais May 25, Valleyfield 26, Lancaster 27, Cornwall 28, Morrisburg 29, Prescott 30, Kemptville June 1, Ottawa 2, Arnprior 3, Perth 4, Smith's Falls 5, Brockville 6, Gananoque 8, Kingston 9.

SOULIER, BUCKLEY & CO.'s Universal Fair and Real Roman Hippodrome, with "Yankee" Robinson as agent, exhibits at Champaign, Ill., on May 26. This concern uses no tents, except for sideshows, but hires Fair grounds at each county seat, and advertises "every kind of show in the world." They have eleven cages of animals and two small elephants. The show will be at Peoria June 1, Davenport, Ia., 2.

THE FOREPAUGH SHOW will spread tent at State and Twenty-third streets, Chicago, Ill., May 25, 26, and on the Elizabeth-street lots, on west side, 27, 28, 29, 30.

JOHN WILSON'S PALACE AMPHITHEATRE, at San Francisco, Cal., enjoyed a large business during the week ending May 19, owing to the presence of the band of Warm Spring Indians, under the command of the redoubtable Donald McKay. Their performance consisted of a vigorous war dance, with songs chanted after the peculiar Indian fashion. In this they were led by McKay, who is a man of noble physique, standing six feet one and a half inches, and possessing that breadth and freedom of action so characteristic of the pioneer tribes. McKay is a Scotch half-breed, and, speaking tolerably good English, interprets the speeches of his Indians to the audience. He evidently takes pride in his Scotch ancestors, as he wears plaids amidst all the glories of paint and feathers. On the 14th a benefit was given to Mr. Wm. Thompson, the treasurer, when, in addition to the appearances of volunteers, the regular company and the Indians, an exhibition was made of the renowned four-miler old Thad Stevens, the pride of the California turf, with Charley Ross astride his back in the colors worn in the race with True Blue and Joe Daniels. Correspondence dated May 16.

CIRCUS GROUNDS, 210 by 120 ft., centrally located in Cincinnati, O., can be rented through M. T. Antram, who advertises.

TUCKER BROS., show painters, notify showmen and others, through a card in another department, that, in consequence of the destruction of their old premises, they have removed to 78 Walker street, New York.

FOREPAUGH'S SHOW is to exhibit this week at Chicago, Ill., Athens June 1, Aurora 2, Sandwich 3, Morris 4, Ottawa 5, La Salle 6.

EMIL GOSOUK, having left the Adam Forepaugh Show, has been spending his idle time at Fort Wayne, Ind. He opens at the National Theatre, Chicago, on May 25, where he remains two weeks.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS showed at Cedar Rapids, Ia., May 20, to a large crowd of people. Mollie Brown, a little miss, did some magnificent riding and turned a somersault on horseback. Philo Nathus did some fine riding, as also did Mme. Tourniare, who appeared in a manege act with her thoroughbred horse. Leopold and Geraldine created a sensation on the trapeze. The most ludicrous act was that by Mr. Burke, of catching

TERMS.

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.

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9-12t* Manager.

CARD TO O'REARDON.—MR. EDITOR.—SIR.—In reply to Prof. O'Reardon's remarks in THE CLIPPER of May 2, with respect to the Tumbler. onion challenge, I would simply say that for 28 years I have performed on the Glasses, and would be glad to know how the Professor can with any degree of veracity justify such a statement as that contained in his advertisement, viz: Inventor and only performer on those unique musical plantting a cent at Fox's Theatre surely was intended for sarcasm. The Professor evidently must preside at the Patent Office. [9-1t*] MRS. SAGE.

MADAME IVAN C. MICHELS, supported by her young and beautiful pupil, ADA COLENSI, is ready to negotiate with Managers for 1874-5.
Shylock, Richelieu, Othello, Uriel Acosta, Son of Fortune, Empress of Russia, Arthur's Oath, etc., etc. Address 823 RACE STREET,
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NOTICE.—PROF. JOHN A. HILL, solo violinist and leader of orchestra, now with that Colonel Brown, will be at liberty to accept engagements from June 15, 1874. Does not play brass, but understands the Concert and Dramatic business thoroughly. Salary moderate. Address PROF. JOHN A. HILL, care of P. A. Sears, 118 Washington st., Boston, Mass. 9-3t*

THOMAS AND HEENEY, ILLUMINATED CLOG STATUESQUES.—New Haven, Ct., May 25, Lowell, Mass., June 1, two weeks. TO MANAGERS OF FIRST-CLASS VARIETIES.—It will take great pleasure in recommending MESSRS. THOMAS AND HEENEY as a first-class card, and well worthy the consideration of any manager requiring a beautiful and chaste act. J. J. McCLOSKEY, Stage-manager Olympic Theatre, N. Y. 9-1t*

THE COSTELLOS,
MLLE. AND FRED, SENSATIONAL GYMNASTS.
At present with Mme. Reniz's Female Minstrels, are noticed by different papers as follows:
Miss Costello's wonderful and reckless performance on the trapeze caused a shudder in every person present.—SUNDAY NEWS, Syracuse, May 1.
The trapeze performance of Mlle. Costello is said to be the best ever attempted by a lady gymnast.—CHRONICLE, Rochester, May 2.
Fred Costello is one of the greatest athletes of the day. To-night he will turn a double somersault from the gallery. In the trapeze act, Mlle. Costello outshone anything of the kind that we ever saw in the circus arena or on the stage. —COURIER, Titusville, May 16.
Address CLIPPER office. P. S.—We require no derrick.]*

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Salaries will be moderate, but sure. No squealers need apply.
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New hall, best in the city; large and commodious stage, and complete set of scenery. Facilities for heating, and ventilation perfect. Seating capacity, 800.
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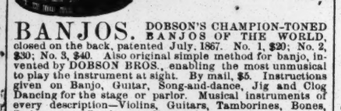

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